"Viyella" and Flannel Pyjamas
OF ALL GOOD CLASS OUTFITTERS

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

2/- net

DECEMBER 1921

Ode to the Dying World ... Adrian Bury
The Quest for God ... Stephen Swithwold
Liberty ... Sir Theophile Fisher
The Name-Tree ... Mary Webb
The Astronomer ... Eleanor G. Hayden
Shakespeare Need Not Apply ... Herbert E. Palmer
An Epitaph of Civilisation ... H. F. Ambrose

THEATRE-CRAFT

The Contemporary Theatre ... Horace Shipp
On Historical Plays ... Haleott Glover
Wagner and Earthbound Producers ... Harcourt Gold
Chamber-Drama ... Clifford Bax
London & Munich Designs for Beerbohm Hoare

A Barricade Panel ... Lawrence Housman
What We Want Anodes to Know ... Alan Sullivan
Wat Tyler and the Phenix ... E. O.
Ireland and the League of Nations ... Austin Harrison
The Reparations Ultimatum
Music and Morality ... E. W. S. Mould
Books

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: 24/- POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD
HALF-YEARLY ... 12/6

18 BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON

ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE.

The English Review

OBJECTS: The English Review aims at providing a platform for freedom of thought and expression. It seeks particularly to discover literary talent; to enable the man who has an unpopular thing to say—to say it; to maintain a standard of criticism and literary form.

EDITORIAL FEATURE: It is not run commercially. Contributions are considered solely on their value.

POETRY: This is a special feature, and The English Review can claim to have done more to help and find poetry than any publication in the language during the last 10 years.

POLITICS: No party politics. But honesty of opinion is always welcomed. All can write in the Review.

SOCIAL QUESTIONS: Controversial articles are always carefully considered on social matters. For a decade the Review has been foremost in championing causes.

MOTTO: Dare to think.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Annual Subscription [illegible] to all parts of the world
Half Yearly " " "

THE ENGLISH REVIEW,
19, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1921.

Ode to the Dying World

By Adrian Bury

Dedicated (hopefully) to Lord Robert Cecil, in acknowledgment of his work for Peace.

Is there no hand can stay the rising flood
Of hate, of madness and immense despair:
The wild suspicion amorous of blood,
The wail of death incessant on the air?
Is there no man with godly heart and voice
To pipe the song of Beauty and of Love
And make it heard above the drums of doom,
Make Love the symbol of the people's choice,
Fetter the eagle and set free the dove
And drive the hosts of Hate into the tomb?

Can no great man disprove the patriot creed,
This lust for pow'r, this terrene avarice,
The devil's lust that claims a dismal deed
More virtuous than the radiant work of Peace?
Is there no star can show mankind the way
And bid each land of Justice be aware
And set the human heart with Truth alight,
Urge us to live, and living not to prey,
Guide our false steps out of the tiger's lair
To the high throne of universal right?

O for the flame of Truth to burn to dust
The subtle strength of our dark sophistries,

O that the winds might blow a healing gust
To clear men's thoughts of this age-old disease!
The love of country is a futile thing
If it shall strive to envy and dispute
A brother's joy upon the ample earth;
For selfish love unsheathes the adder's sting
To those not cast alike and not of one repute
Having no share in one proud local birth.

Peoples arise! Now is the destined hour
For you to tear in twain this doctrine base,
This whim of tyrants that must soon deflower
The certain splendour of the human race.
Awake! Awake! or be for ever dumb,
Open your eyes or stay for ever blind
Groping like reptiles in the swampy den:
Rise up before your ruined age become
A cryptic legend for the darkened mind
Of some strange future tribe of crawling men!

Now is the moment in man's history,
That beat of Time when he must rise or fall
To nobler heights or deepest misery:
Hark to the echo of the trumpet call,
Already moves our planet to eclipse,
One nation fallen like a rotten tower,
Prone and cadaverous athwart the world;
And while knaves prate old lies with crafty lips
The demon Hunger marches to devour
And multitudes headlong to death are hurled.

Shall man lose all he holds in reverence,
The glorious gains of his long pilgrimage,
All starry thoughts and tongues of eloquence
The harvest of each slow laborious age,
The knowledge and the will to grasp the prize,
To spread his mood the magic compass round
In spite of Nature's terrifying laws,
To span the seas and sail the lonelier skies
And starkest limit by his skill confound,
Conveying life where Life itself would pause?

ODE TO THE DYING WORLD

What dizzy mount of Fame is left unclimbed?
Can not the poets sing with lyric throats
Strong as the birds', as sweet and surely chimed,
A deathless song, since its recurring notes
Come forth unaltered with the stellar signs,
Wedded to Spring in one long lovely youth
And tuned for ever in Man's wistful heart,
The song of honour that incarnadines
The vestal spirit of all living Truth,
The apparition of Man's soul in art?

Have not the sculptors, too, with easy hand
Uttered a glory that outlives their breath,
Building beyond the tumult of Time's sand,
Even above the longer reach of Death?
And what of those whose wisdom can define
The very hue of life upon the cheek,
The thought inspired behind the horny eye,
Until the human shape is nigh divine
And the amazing mask is heard to speak
Its mighty message to posterity!

And who has built ten thousand citadels
Where life might pass in comfort and accord
And learning flourish like a peal of bells,
Where law keeps watch and reason is the ward?
Great golden cities spread from East to West,
Whose temple turrets reach amid the stars
And face the daily passion of the sun;
Cities that are the pleasure and the nest
Of tired men much clothed with Nature's scars
And by her stormy manners oft outdone.

Then there are those who have found wondrous ways
To limit Space itself and baffle Time
Since in their hands the dreaded lightning stays
Obediently still: and argosies sublime
Travel the airy void where looms no shore,
Where only eagle-kings were wont to go:
A ship there is that probes the fierce, cold sea
To live unharmed upon its forest floor,
And winds express Man's word in weal or woe,
So great is human genius and so free.

Shall not the mind that worked such miracle
Quicken itself to solve our pressing fate?
A simpler task be it once lyrical
Of peaceful unity, not war and hate.
When shall it conquer the obscene desire
To smash the world and win a Cæsar's crown
Decking Death out in flags of vanity?
Shall it not change its purpose and aspire
To some more sacred cause of true renown
Than this red fratricidal victory?

Trust is the sign that shows the way to Peace,
Full Peace, fair Peace, the only worthy goal;
Let all undo their armour and release
The hungry prisoned virtue of the soul.
Shout all sick nations for this healing balm,
Let no false prophet rob you of your right
And sentence you to even bloodier strife,
Peace be the one and universal psalm,
For only Peace can end your tragic night
And raise the world once more from death to life.

The Quest for God

By Stephen Southwold

A-LITTER with the dust of countless fanes,
Scarred with the cruelties of vanished creeds,
Weary of silent askings, and the loud
Hot questioning that cries against its chains;
The spirit of Earth (while now its body bleeds)
Stands like a lover looking on the shroud
Of one new-dead, who yesterday was quick
With passionate beauty; and that honey-lipt
Desire, that now is desolate and sick,
Stares with the eyes of children that are whipt.

A thousand gods have gone the bloodied way
Of birth, apotheosis, and a throne
Pillar'd on priesthood and a sadic lust;
Gilded and prankt to hide their human clay,
And in their hour have shattered at a stone
Flung by a child, and joined the common dust.
For each warm human dream a human god,
For human evil gods of devilry;
Evil and good the pathway that they trod
Ended as His who hung upon the tree.

Here, in this little room, above the noise
And clamour of the street, aloof from men,
Quiet and still after the day's dull fret,
I sit and play with my familiar toys,
Little and foolish . . . but, in darkness, when
The brain cries, " Make an end and pay the debt
That lust hands down with each new birth begun,"
They cling to the delivering hand, and shake
The purpose, till the ever-mocking sun
Dawns with new promises the day will break.

Into the stillness breaks the bitter-sweet
Wail of a fiddle, and my brain is lit
With magic lights, and warm elusive fires.
Godlike I stand about the sandall'd feet
Of imaged gods; and dream-Creators sit
Raptured amid their heavens' hosted quires.
Here at the call of craft and cunning hand
Is built a universe of gods and stars—
The haunted air the visioned cosmos planned
Shatters it with the last faint sobbing bars.

A thousand times derided, mocked, and fleered
By the unanswering heavens; desirous still
Of paradisal love, immortal bliss,
And life that climbs by lives to that ensphered
And evil-purged Perfection by the will
Of an etern omniscience. Lest we miss
The destined path and stumble in the slough
Of human littleness, we light the way
With god-like Reason; whereat, on his bough,
The monkey laughs and chatters at the play.

And that too-voluble and hot-eared horde
That mock the dead with hopping tambourine,
And with reverberated raps dismay
The quiet of the grave, cry, " With the sword
Of vision we have cleft the Veil, and seen
The splendour of the Everlasting Day."
And Death, the one true substance in the game
Of shadows that we play, nor cold nor fond,
Awaits his hour with neither praise nor blame—
He the dark Veil, and he the dark beyond.

Liberty

By Sir Bampfylde Fuller, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

SHOULD we face life's enigmas blindfold or open-eyed? For centuries past we have been admonished to "know ourselves." We respect the precept, but shrink from it in practice, thinking, it may be, that "when ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Is it, however, certain that humanity is as happy in darkness as it might be in daylight? Are man's relations with his fellows incapable of improvement? Is it not better to "face the music"—*venienti occurrere morbo*—and seek the truth at all costs?

Liberty is one of the most dazzling of our ideals. It is symbolised by the very largest of statues. To praise and magnify it, poets, philosophers, and politicians unite in chorus. It stimulates a reverence which waves analysis aside as impertinent. Yet, regarded simply and straightforwardly, it reveals itself as meaning nothing more exalted than to act as we *like* or *choose*, instead of under obedience. This interpretation is confirmed by etymology. Ἐλεύθερος and *liber* are akin to *lubens* (willingly); "free" is authoritatively defined as "acting at pleasure." Liberty and obedience are, then, contraries. Obedience may be compulsory. But it may also be dictated by faith. Liberty is, therefore, opposed to faith as well as to slavery; and we recognise that this is so in speaking of the emancipated as "free-thinkers."

We "choose" when we accept an inducement instead of obeying a command. Is our choice "free"? Determinist philosophers will not have it so; and, in fact, when we choose deliberately, we are plainly *led* by the most attractive of the prospects that offer themselves. One does not act "freely" if, when late for an appointment, he chooses a taxicab instead of an omnibus. But there is, nevertheless, the possibility of freedom. For he may decide at random or by "tossing up." That is to say, we

have the power of making an effort of venture. It is a privilege; for it distinguishes our conduct from the invariable sequences of inanimate Nature. But we share it with all living creatures. Animalcules that are prevented by an obstacle from rising to the surface of a glass of water will, by repeated random efforts, find a way round it, whereas air bubbles simply press themselves against it in vain. The power of venturesome effort is, therefore, a characteristic attribute of life. It evolves into the assertive volition that in children is called " wilfulness." This is attractive in idea because it implies power, and power is delightful in that it is an element of the success which is vital to our lives. From morning till night we are in conflict with our environment. Our movements in " getting up " involve antagonism to the force of gravity. We think of success as a *great* event. But little successes and failures are a running accompaniment to our most ordinary experiences, and reflect themselves upon our spirits in self-complacency or depression. Civilised life depends upon the successful practice of dexterities that are acquired in childhood. They may become eminent as " accomplishments," and we think of a " successful " violinist or cricketer. But we must *succeed* if we would satisfactorily adjust a necktie. Success in small if not in great matters is essential to our existence. It involves notions of power and excellence; and these ideas are fascinating when associated with ourselves, and attract our admiration if they are associated with others of whom we are not jealous.

There is no such power in deliberate choice, when we are led by the most attractive of alternatives. But there appears to be. For choice, or *selective* volition, is a phase of willing, and, as such, contains an element of spontaneity. For we can disregard the merits of opposed attractions, although, as a general rule, we are influenced by them. And choice always entails the effort that is needed to still the confusion which is occasioned by competing possibilities. Hence the weak-minded are constitutionally undecided. Accordingly all willing, whether selective or assertive, appears to involve the exercise of power.

Liberty, or freedom of choice, is then *self-power*, which is so inspiring a conceit because it is so pleasing. It affords us the dignity of self-respect. It endows us with

self-confidence, for power, as we well know, stimulates faith. We trust in ourselves. Because of this attractiveness, liberty of choice has tended to supplant faith, or obedience, in the evolution of human culture. This change is expressed philosophically as the progress from " status " to " contract." For choice is useless as a means of regulating our social relations unless it is treated as final. It must end in an " agreement." Having chosen, we must not " change our minds." Contract is the consequence of choice, as status is the consequence of faith.

But self-confidence can rarely be so strong as faith in another. For we are keenly aware of our own limitations, whereas another's power may be magnified by imagination. Accordingly in times of danger men who pride themselves upon freedom turn to a leader and follow him obediently. When circumstances are emergent, liberty, we feel, is inopportune; and we do not suffer its interference in matters of real practical importance. It plays but little part in the education of childhood and youth: it is anathema in the army, the convent, and the church, and, if admitted into the factory or the counting house, it disorganises them. It is individualistic, and strength comes from unity. It is egotistic, and self-consciousness cannot give the courage and endurance of faith. Few of its enthusiastic admirers would carry it to its logical extreme. For this would be anarchy. It is felt that, if society is to continue, liberty must be restrained by respect for some laws.

Liberty is achieved in politics when leaders and lawgivers are chosen by the likings of the people, as manifested by voting. We term this " democracy." Real democracy is, of course, impossible except in such small communities as were the Greek city-states. Modern democracies are actually oligarchies in which the rulers hold authority at the pleasure of the people. This gives the electors a feeling of independence and self-respect, which arises irrespective of actual voting. For experience shows that, unless excited by emulative propaganda, but a small proportion of the electors would take the trouble to go to the polling stations. For the same reason minorities that are out-voted accept the situation. Their likings have been over-ruled: they have lost their liberty. But they have been consulted, and this suffices to give them a

feeling of dignity. And they acquiesce in defeat all the more readily because the course of politics does not touch them so intimately as their private business. "Les affaires sont les affaires."

In choosing our leaders we may be actuated by respect for their abilities. That is to say, we may choose them for their personal qualities. We do so when their characters are well known to us. The directors of commercial companies, the representatives of professions and trades unions are, as a rule, elected on their individual merits. But parliamentary electorates are so large and heterogeneous that the vast majority of the electors can have little or no personal knowledge of the candidates who offer themselves. Accordingly they choose under the influence, not of knowledge, but of persuasion. This affects us through the suggestion of likings. There is no loss of dignity in accepting suggestions to act as we please. One persuades another by pleasing him—it may be by the offer of money, it may be by the offer of promises or ideals. An independent candidate can obviously offer but little, and, accordingly, those who seek parliamentary honours band themselves into groups or parties, distinguished by different principles or ideals. The simplest of all distinctions is a preference for the new or for the old—that is to say, Liberal and Conservative. The party organisation gives the professional politician his opportunity. He makes it his profession to persuade, and eminent politicians bring this process to a fine art. The rivalry of competing groups, and the irresponsibility which they claim for failure or default, gives politics the air of a game. If political arguments were based upon reason, democratic government would be an instrument of progress; if they were magnanimous, it would at least afford spiritual discipline. But reason is uninspiring, and, moreover, cannot reconcile interests which are really conflicting. And in these commercial days self-renunciation is at a discount. Consequently the arguments which are most persuasive are those which frankly appeal to self-interest, or convince by exciting an emotion. They may be altogether unworthy. Nothing could be farther from the magnanimity of Christian philosophy than the appeal to vengeance which won the last election.

We feel very truly that popular government has some great advantages. It is no small thing that the different classes of the nation should be drawn together on a footing of equality, in forming the national government. And democracy broadens one of life's greatest pleasures—that of personal dignity. This is, of course, a prize that may be won by private or social activities. But popular suffrage assures us of our importance in State affairs. The feeling of dignity which gives the idea of " liberty " its attractive implication, is exhilarating, and may become an active stimulus to exertion in art, letters, and commerce. Yet few will deny that the Germans were energetic and enterprising under autocratic authority. Democratic government, it may be urged, secures us against the degradation and suffering caused by the vicious exampie and insolent injustice of a hereditary sovereign. We must not, however, forget that democratic statesmen may be exceedingly corrupt. It may seem that democracy is inherently more tolerant than autocracy, and is less likely to stifle originality. But here again we must qualify our appreciation. For our experiences during the war appear to show that toleration results not from popular suffrage, but from the rivalry of popular parties; and that, when party feeling is in abeyance, a " free " government may repress individuality with the severity of a despot. Democracy is certainly more amusing than an efficient autocracy : indeed, its very inefficiency may entertain us. This is, however, a doubtful compliment. Our admiration for democracy must, then, be seasoned with some reserves. But one credit can be unreservedly conceded. The notion that one is to be governed through the instrumentality of persuasion in place of command undoubtedly fosters a kindly feeling towards others, just as the formal civilities upon which society insists auto-suggestively produce feelings of deference. If democracy encourages kindliness, it has the wherewithal to cover a multitude of sins.

Beyond a doubt it must plead guilty to some grave shortcomings, due in the main to its inherent *weakness*. For it lacks inspiration, and is feeble in control. A nation is a complex of classes whose interests are in many cases diametrically opposed. The problem is to unite them. They may be harmonised by faith—that is to say, by

loyalty to a ruler. In this case they *obey*, and the clash of interests is stilled. Men accept the state of life "unto which it has pleased God to call them." But respectful loyalty cannot be accorded to a government which is not secure in its seat for five years at a time, and must constantly appear before the electors cap in hand. Accordingly, under democratic conditions, the different classes of a nation must be *persuaded* into harmony. Reasoned argument can hardly reconcile such differences as antagonise capital and labour—the producer and the consumer: for experience shows that one may profit through the needs of the other. Moreover, reason is only appreciated by the unprejudiced. Voters generally are unimpressed by it; the instruments of the canvasser are imaginative hopes and fears and emotional prejudices. But disillusion surely follows, and affords revolutionaries their opportunity. The antagonism of the poor towards the rich may be conciliated by payment—by the grant of increased wages, or unemployment relief. But this is a dangerous expedient, for "appetite comes with eating." And it is extravagantly costly. Indeed, the reckless finance of popular government may, not impossibly, wreck our economic civilisation altogether. There was prudence, so long as the middle classes held a controlling voice. But as the working classes obtain an influence which is commensurate with their numbers, they will naturally seek to enhance their own income by increasing taxes and wages.

Accordingly, a democratic government is constantly assailed by class, or "syndicalist," interests which it is dangerous to disregard, and extravagant to conciliate. For similarity of occupation is in ordinary times a closer bond than nationality, and the members of a trade union, although relatively few in number, are strong in their unity. Under a Government which inspires no active faith, a nation tends to disintegrate into castes, and experience shows that within the caste—or union—willing obedience may be rendered to the most absolute authority. For, in its heart of hearts, mankind appreciates a leader's power and likes it: forceful monarchs have always been popular, in spite of cruelty and injustice. In this feeling is a very real danger for parliamentary authority. For if the people's representatives are inefficient, and the majority

of the voters are apathetic, there comes disillusionment. Numerical superiority shows itself to be less forceful than active superiority; and in truth a few energetic men represent power more truly than does a multitude of passive electors. Fortunately, however, the development of revolutionary self-appointed directories has been discredited by the excesses of Bolshevism.

Moreover, since it excites no enthusiasm, democracy does not command the best services of its officials. Having no particular reasons for loyalty, they are tempted to work in self-interest, and must be paid salaries which an autocratic government would consider extravagantly high. It is evident from the French newspapers that the people of Alsace are regretting the economy and efficiency of German administration. Politicians depend upon their official subordinates for much of their credit, must conciliate them, and are quite unable to withstand the insensate multiplication of offices under the State. Democracy must be extravagant. It charges the taxpayer heavily for his privileges.

For similar reasons a democracy can hardly be efficient in military affairs. The republics of ancient days fell from inability to protect themselves. The hill tribes that inhabit the country between Assam and Burma are governed democratically. One of them petitioned me for the annexation of their territory, since they needed protection against a roving band of warriors from the south. There were objections to an extension of our boundaries, and I asked their headmen why they did not drive the intruders out, as their numbers were comparatively small. "We cannot fight them," they replied. "They are led by a Raja, while we have only village councils." Their answer meant more than they imagined. It explained the failure of Athens as well as their own. We may claim that in the late war Faith was conquered by Persuasion. Faith can, of course, be overwhelmed by numbers.

Perhaps, however, the most serious of the charges that can be brought against democratic methods is that they tend to demoralise those who are influenced by them and those who use them. The arguments of political persuasion may be true and honourable; but they may be misleading and unworthy without losing their force—sometimes, in-

deed, with a gain of force. In this case they are actually harmful to those who are led by them. For, while command fetters the body, persuasion may fetter the mind. One may criticise an order whilst obeying it. But mendacious propaganda poisons the springs of reasoning by misrepresenting experience or pandering to prejudice. And those who purposely mislead must suffer in character. One cannot touch pitch without being defiled.

We can, then, hardly find anything which is particularly "noble" in democracy. It is an expedient, and may fail, as it has failed in the past. Yet we feel that in these days it has established itself as an enduring institution; indeed, we can hardly imagine a reversion to autocratic authority. For democracy is in harmony with the commercial spirit of our age. Buying and selling are, of course, phases of persuasion: the artifices of advertisement are identical with those of propaganda. Democracy is, in fact, government on commercial principles. It buys allegiance with promises, hopes, or money, and society becomes "ripe" for democratic methods when its interests are mainly prudential. With the ancients political liberty was a passing dream; with us it is consistent with the actualities of business life. In the history of mankind there is nothing more remarkable than the change of outlook and character which separates us from heroic, or mediæval, days. In those times imagination mastered mankind, and prudence—that is to say foresight—was merely his servant. Life was, for the most part, a play of romance or melodrama—and those who, like the Jews, sacrificed the present to the future were as despised as a schoolboy who lends money to his fellows. Modern man, on the other hand, plays only during his childhood; in the "games" of his adult years, imaginings subserve emulation, and are not dramatised for their own sake. A provident regard for the future is of course as instinctive as our appetites. Both urge upon us unseen as opposed to present interests, whereas imaginative enthusiasm cares only for the present. When the future is uncertain it is eclipsed by the present, and prudence cannot restrain extravagance. On the other hand, the longer and the clearer is the vista of future eventualities, the stronger is the effect upon us of expectations as opposed to enjoyment.

By possessions, and especially by money, the future is materialised, and its attractions are heightened; expectations of profit are added to expectations of pleasure. Our economic civilisation, therefore, tempts us out of the present into the future—that is to say, into the pursuit of money. We pursue it by means of persuasion, using, that is to say, the characteristic instrument of democratic government. Consequently we are familiarised with—and can tolerate—methods of leadership which our ancestors would have despised.

It follows that the democratic form of government, however well suited to commercialised nations, may be altogether unsuitable for peoples, such as those of India, with whom the interests ordinarily called " spiritual " still rank higher than the prudence which leads to profit. Prudential interests are, no doubt, gaining ground. But their growth is slow, and their attractions are limited to a small proportion of the population. Money is generally hoarded instead of being used in profit-getting; and the leaders of the Nationalist movement can touch the feelings of the people by denouncing the " materiality " of our prudential view of life. It is a grave question whether a people in this stage of development will tolerate a Government which they do not respect—whether democratic rule will not be jeopardised by frequent revolts against its pretensions. And this danger is aggravated by the extravagance of democratic methods, which must entail increased taxation. To give an instance. Under the changes which are associated with the name of Mr. Montagu, five highly paid officials are now employed in the province of Assam to discharge duties which for several years I performed single-handed. The poverty of India is due in great measure to the lack of the profit-seeking spirit. But it is a fact; and it renders the people peculiarly sensitive to increases of taxation.

The Name-Tree

By Mary Webb

CHERRY ORCHARD was for sale. The impossible thing, the thing that had yet threatened them always out of the misty future, had become fact. She could not believe it. She crouched under the lee of the sandstone wall of the garden, where the sun shone, for the spring wind was sharp and eager, and the slow, grinding poverty of years had worn all the wool out of her clothing. The beautiful old timbered house where she and her invalid father lived had consumed their small income as long as Laura could remember. She kept the place neat with her own hands, toiling in the vast, bare kitchen and in the wild, half-abandoned garden.

" I'd as lief," she muttered, " think of selling myself."

The dark shadows under her eyes grew darker as a flush ran from chin to forehead, for she remembered—and would remember till the end of her life—the things Julius Winter had said to her yesterday.

Julius Winter was the new owner of Bitterne Hall. He had brought with him a wife almost as rich as himself, a Lady in her own right, and exactly like a pink sweet. Before Julius shone a vista of pleasant days with many smaller pink sweets about him.

Yesterday he had come with Lady Angela to return her timid call—timid, because she never quite knew whether she was technically a " lady " or not; whether she would be snubbed or not.

They had tea out of the depleted seaweed tea-set in the room that was so low and hollow-sounding, full of green light from the laurel outside the western window.

Lady Angela was tired.

" Laura, my dear," said her father in his sad, disillusioned voice, which had faded since the advertisement of Cherry Orchard appeared, " please show our guest the orchard."

They went out through the French window, past the

laurel that lifted its ancient, snakily twisted trunk almost to the casement window above, which was hers.

"This is my name-tree," she said. "Do you know the old belief about name-trees? If the tree dies, you die. If you sicken, the tree withers. If you desert it, a curse falls."

"I can believe it, here."

They came to the orchard. Roofed with pale ivory, heady with the thin, pure perfume of the cherry-blossom and of the cowslips in the dew-grey grass beneath, walled with apple-green to the east, where the tall hawthorn hedge had burst into leaf, and with black-green to the north, where a plantation of fir-trees held up white candles, the place lay wrapped in spells, dreaming its own dream.

It was the intolerable sweetness of it, of the sharp smell of crushed nettles, of the white cherry petals that wandered down the stirless air like tears, of the soft, pale cowslip calyxes, that shook her fortitude.

Beneath his questions, his instant perception, she sobbed helplessly, while his mocking, absorbed eyes dwelt upon her tear-blotted face.

"A cherry-flower in the rain," he thought.

"Such passion for a place," he said, "is absurd."

"Why?"

"Your love should be given to a man. Such passion as yours should bear fruit."

She was silent.

"Is it race-memory? Because your ancestors loved it?"

"Maybe; but it goes further back than that."

"Love of beauty?"

"No. I love the ugly things as much as the others. I'm as fond of the nettles as of the cowslips."

"What is it, then?"

"It is that I've got roots here—the roots of my name-tree, and they go so deep. Did you hear this song, ever?"

She was born and bred with the birds.
Their words were her words.
For she was come out of the earth and water;
From lily leaf and ash bole.
She said, "I am the moaning forest's daughter,
A tree hath my soul."
She slipped away between sunset and moonrise,
Between town hall and steeple,
Back to her own people.
Who knows where she wanders, where she lies?

She gleamed on him, and the light in her face astonished him. He had quite discarded the idea that she was posing. Lady Angela posed about the beauty of nature: but this woman was incapable of it. She had real, vital, savage passion in her fragile body. He had not thought passion of just that quality existed in the modern world. Certainly the women he had known had not possessed it. This woman had it, and she wasted it on a place. He watched her, standing slim and *gauche* in her old brown dress, her soul tormented by love for something vague and mysterious, something he could not touch or name, that seemed to lie beneath the earthly beauty that she saw, like a dreaming god. Desire surged over him—the poignant longing that jonquils bring, the longing to touch the silken petals, to gather the brittle, faintly-scented stalks.

To possess this woman would be to ravish a forest.

Because he did not dare to touch her, he gathered a cowslip and ran his strong, dark fingers up and down its soft keys, bruising, breaking.

"Keys of Heaven," she said. "Every year I've watched them, from the first leaves, when the rooks were so loud in the March evenings, till the dry fruit."

"Would you like to keep Cherry Orchard for ever?"

She looked at him, frowning.

"I will buy Cherry Orchard and give it to you, if you will give me the keys of heaven."

"And heaven is——?"

"Your love."

The blossomy shadows lengthened. Somewhere in the elms beyond the orchard a pigeon moaned. Spiders went stealthily about their weaving, and the dew came with no sound upon leaf and flower. Still she was mute. It was as if the orchard expressed her mind. The dew fell. The dove mourned. The shadows lengthened.

"I have no love to give," she said at last, "to you or any man."

"Before the fruit falls in your orchard," he said, harsh and low, "you shall give it to me."

He cast one long look round the shadowy place. It was as if he gathered every tree into his arms.

She turned to the gate. This strange silence, full of the muttering of presage, terrified her.

They went back to the house, passing the old laurel.

"Your name-tree," he said. He tore off a bunch of leaves in each hand, pressing them to his lips.

"Ah, you have hurt it! The curse will fall."

He looked at her with the slow, ironical smile that Lady Angela dreaded. Then he held open the window for her to enter. And while his host made dignified protest against life and circumstance, the eyes of Julius brooded upon Laura, and saw in her lap the vision of a child—not a child like a sweet, but one compact of earth and dew, a child like a cherry flower. Before the fruit was set, Julius Winter began negotiations about the house. When the last faded cowslips were merged in the growing grass, he had bought it. Cherry Orchard, with its murmurs, its shadows, and its silences, was his.

Lady Angela, puzzled by this whim, said:

"It will do for Arthur."

Arthur was their eldest.

Julius smiled. Then he laughed. There was something in his wife's remark that grew more amusing as he considered it. He could not imagine Arthur's small, round, complete entity presiding over that brooding place—that place where mists lingered and melodies sounded, and man wrestled with the spirit of earth.

"Arthur shall have it," he said, "if he can get it."

"You mean, if you give it to him."

"I can't give it to him."

"Why?"

"I don't know why."

"You are getting very strange in your manner, Julius. I believe it is that house. They tell me it is haunted."

"Oh, it's haunted, I can vouch for that."

At Cherry Orchard the old man said:

"It is the best that could have happened."

"The best? Oh, you think it is the best?"

"The very best."

She laughed; and her laughter, sad and wild as a frantic, imprisoned bird, beat on the rafters.

"You are very strange, my dear," said her father.

When the rounded fruit softly acquiesced to ripeness,

gathering gold and red in the midday sunshine; when the hay was cut and the long evenings thrilled with the singing of the swallows, Julius came every day, and the old man rejoiced to see his home being made so trim and weather-proof. Joy revived him, so that the illness which had held him loosened its grip. His voice lost its plaintive note.

"It is just as good as if it were my own again," he said, "with such a landlord."

"With such a landlord!"

Her voice was full of little darts of fear and curiosity and scorn, that ran like lizards in and out of the words.

He came. As usual, they walked in the orchard after tea.

"The fruit is nearly ripe," he said.

"Not yet."

The trees brooded over them like jewelled birds in some ancient tapestry. They filled him with an ache of longing. He wanted to possess them, as a god might. He would possess them in her. His soul could only reach the outer fringes of hers; his voice strove to win her; his eyes burnt on hers, but she lowered her lashes and was mute. She remained aloof: but through the body he would reach her. She should have nothing of herself left, no corner of her spirit that was not his.

"I'll come for your answer this day next week, Laura. If it's no, you and your father will go at once."

"And not see summer out?"

"And not see summer out."

In one long, lingering look he took her face to himself, line by line, curve by curve.

"If it's yes—I know your window."

So wild a gust of passion shook him that he left the place without another word, and came no more until the week was over.

"I'm glad you've finished at Cherry Orchard," said Lady Angela, "I'm sure the place is haunted. Still, perhaps it will do for Arthur."

Moonlight was wan over Cherry Orchard, and the fruit shone, darkly polished, amid the soft, lulled leaves. The trees stood mute, quiescent in the pale light, and the laurel gave no faintest whisper as Julius and Laura passed it.

Once more they came to the orchard. Once more they stood beneath the great Morello tree.

"Ripe," he said; "Laura! Laura!"

She was silent. But a faint breeze, walking in the tree-tops, seemed to him to be her murmur of assent.

Only the sheer crudity of his desire for her, the strange universality of the mating he had willed, gave him courage to brave her white silence.

"To-night?" he said. "Laura!"

Once again there fell from the tree-tops a vague, assenting murmur.

Laura wondered at her father, sitting in the western window, brisk and happy over his letters.

"I shall go to bed now, dear," he said. "But I had to write about the fruit. It is ripe."

"Dead ripe," said Laura.

She stood in the shadow of the laurel, and the large, oval leaves seemed to be fingering her face.

She leaned from her window and saw the orchard huddled beyond its hedges like a flock at bay; saw the gables on the grass, and the ancient twisted trunk of the laurel climbing towards her window. In the faint airs the ivy breathed on the house like a living creature. In a meadow by the high road a corncrake, startled by some late traveller, set up its harsh crying.

Dawn, faintly reflected in the west, flowered in pale green and white, like an April orchard. Julius awoke. He wanted to shout in his ecstasy. He had imposed his being upon the white evanescence of a cherry flower. He had ravished the forest. Children minded like the forest should be his.

"Laura!" he whispered, "I broke that old tree, I'm afraid; but Cherry Orchard is yours for ever."

He stooped to kiss her, but she was dead.

The Astronomer

(A story for my mother, in return for one she told me long ago.)

By Edmond X. Kapp

THERE was once a young school-teacher who loved his wife with a deep and absorbing love. Even during the short school-hours, luxuriant for him with exciting doubts and joyous discoveries, his longing to be near her would float over his world like a little cloud, casting its shadow upon the moment; and every morning his cottage-home was as a chain to his feet: but in the evening it gave them wings.

Now one day he left her. In any case, this would have been strange enough; and the headmaster never really got over it. But in the light of what has just been told, it was most extraordinary. With a tenderness that seemed a little perfunctory—not quite his own tenderness—he kissed his wife and went away. He must have thought it all out very carefully, for he was so assured and quick that he gave her no time for questions. He begged her not to forget that he loved her, and that he would return when the——but she never knew what his last few hurried words were—they sounded strange and elaborately technical. . . . He left without his hat.

A week passed and then another. Then she met one of his friends and asked him if he had any news of her man. "I understand," he said, "he is doing some sort of work on the stars."

This report puzzled her, nay, disturbed her. It was difficult not to get anxious. She began to call on other friends for information. But everywhere she heard the same story: "I was told he'd been called to do some sort of work on the stars." But who had called him, or where he was called to, or why he was called, no one knew.

She smiled, and appeared to be contented; but inwardly she pouted, as it were, and raised her eyebrows: for he had never told her he knew anything about astronomy; "and

besides," she said to herself, " how can anyone *really* do any sort of work on stars, and they so far away? " She was not very clever.

Nevertheless, from that time on she went out to look at the heavens every night, feeling in her aching heart that at least for a few moments daily the two of them might possibly thus be kissing; so that she soon grew to love the winking stars as friends, and knew the places of many.

Then, after a whole year, one very warm and serene summer evening, he came back. She had often tried to imagine the manner of his coming back, but she had not got it right at all. It happened during her walk. Though the sun had gone, the still air was quite warm, and imps of ruddy light were yet lurking here and there as if left behind in error, wondering where to hide, but afraid to move. Now and then she looked upward for a few seconds, to catch the first peep of the first star. It was while she was doing this that he overtook her suddenly from behind, put his big arms strongly all around her, and kissed her neck, in a way she knew, just below the ear. Her little body almost failed her, and she had no strength to put voice into her two words: " My love! " . . . He had no hat, no luggage—and no telescope. . . .

As if they had been parted only a few moments, they walked along linked together, silently, like the lovers they were. But sooner or later the question burning in her had to be put; and very softly, shyly, she put it: What *had* he been doing all these endless days? But he said nothing. She tried to read some meaning out of his eyes, but they were closed; the lashes were glistening as if moist with tears. When she glanced again, he was looking straight ahead, but there seemed as it were a veil before the eyes she had studied so often, and their expression had all gone inwards.

It was now night and she looked up into her beloved sky—and, with wide eyes, stood suddenly still in amazement. There was a wonder in the heavens! Every star in the myriad had itself become a myriad, and the silver and copper and pale gold winked and laughed at her, and clapped their hands and danced the round of the fathomless blue bowl in such countless processions of revelry—it was a giddy thing to see! There were no more dark

curtains at all: the gods were wildly flinging out all their hidden treasures. The Great Bee had overstocked His Comb, and golden honey was dropping. Here was the tree of life, its branches outspread into all the heavens, and there were its myriad leaves, pearled with dew and quivering in celestial light. She whispered to him: "My love, do look up! I've never seen such a sky!"

But then he only turned to her, and said, very quietly: "I know. I've been. . . ." Something new was in his voice; and now she saw his eyes looking full at her, and she suddenly understood, a little. And she held him very close to her, and kissed him, and asked him no more questions. For though she was not very clever, she was wise enough. . . .

On the back of a hill they found a little heathery place they knew, and lay down together and watched the new and the old stars tumbling all around. Little warm airs played about their faces like silken hair. And they stayed there, it was so dry and very warm, and went to sleep in each other's arms—which, it is said, is not an easy thing to do.

And in the morning, the Great Star, the sun, shone full upon her face and so woke her into our lovely and joyful world. And this she could not remember his having done for a long time past.

Shakespeare Need Not Apply

By Herbert E. Palmer

THE compendious Report of Mr. Fisher's Departmental Committee on the educational position and value of English is a welcome sign that at least in theory the cry of economising on education is not advocated. But we are an illogical people. The Report may be admirable—it is—but in practice much is bad, and as a fact militarism has seized hold of the minds of schoolmasters, and the last thing contemplated by the disciplinarians of those schools is a return to Shakespeare. The same week that the Report appears three judges solemnly decide that Shakespeare's plays are not "educational"; that the County Council Schools are thus not justified in educating the children on Shakespeare, with the result that the splendid educational achievements of Ben Greet's open-air Shakespearean performances to thousands of schoolchildren are to be discontinued. There is no money for such "waste." The legal mind is always an educational perplexity, but when three judges condemn Shakespeare it is surely time to protest and tell the truth about the system which in reality is driving the study of English out of the schools; is breeding militarism; is lowering the whole intellectual standard of the country. Any man who has witnessed the enthusiasm of children for Shakespearean plays can only gasp at these judges' decision. Yet that is the trend, despite the Report. These schools are becoming more military, less educative. Good English is neglected and the boys are being brought up to despise English literature, to despise our poets, to regard culture as an effeminacy.

"Present arms" is the thing, our beautiful language is nothing. What is the result? These boys leave school unable to read a serious book. They can hardly spell or write a decent letter. Their minds are undeveloped. They are unable to think or appreciate. Naturally, the

screen, the " penny dreadful," the cheap paper, are their only pabulum. Even public school boys leave unable to write a letter in good English, and their cultural standards are infinitely lower than in 1914. English as literature is simply not taught, nor wanted. We are depreciating ourselves, lowering our fitness to lead in the world, debasing the finest coinage in history. The cry of economy in education is the sure and quick route to national degeneration, for if Shakespeare is " no use," who or what in the name of England is of use?

Less than thirty miles from London's Marble Arch there stands an ancient, impressive-looking grammar school possessing status and traditions, and attended by more than three hundred and fifty boys. It includes a notable poet and dramatist in its list of previous headmasters, and at least two great men of letters among its dead-and-gone old boys. And yet, owing to the prejudices and narrow outlook of the present headmaster, many of the most necessary and obvious scholastic interests and requirements have been neglected. For one thing, the school has up to the present managed to get through the whole of its Georgian career without making use of any kind of English literature syllabus. It has also neglected music and the folk song, the kin of literature, although its staff includes three masters of musical talent and genius. In this particular instance, " You cannot serve God and Mammon " might very well be rendered " You cannot serve Mind and the Cannon," for the work of the school is seriously thwarted by militarism.* The O.T.C. drum emphatically dominates, beating its jovial tattoo to that abysmal place where a certain cloven-footed, dark-visaged gentleman sits on a bonfire waiting impatiently for the next Great War, which is to come some time the day after to-morrow and end everything. Hardly a day passes without too much time being devoted to mimic warfare; and when the jaded or exasperated pedagogue says to the youthful spirit who has slacked or annoyed him, " You come to me at four o'clock to-night, Watkins," he is too often met with a retort like, " I can't, sir! Drill, sir," though these boys rarely make use of the commonplace

* It is not a "Government" military school. Most of the boys are day boys. Only about *one* passes for Sandhurst or Woolwich each year.

word "drill," having all the correct Army terminology at their finger-ends. Sometimes it comes about that the bad boy who is to be detained says he'll report the unmilitary pedagogue to the headmaster, and sometimes that the bad boy simply holds his tongue, and then never turns up. The greater number of the boys in the upper and middle school (many of them undersized) are members of this Officers' Training Corps, the Scouts' institution being despised, unfortunately, and in no part of the curriculum.

As will be naturally understood, the actual promoter of all this drum-beating and weapon-waving is the headmaster, who, although he has "his points" as a good fellow and disciplinarian, and holds a first-class University degree in one of those exact sciences which have betrayed Europe, can't at all grasp the import of the word "humanities," nor sympathise with the millions of minds in revolt against militarism. The war is over, and the New World is beginning—in a horrid rage, it is true, and inclined to devour itself and everybody who tries to smooth out its puckers, but making, it seems to a few of us, towards something better than this uneasy preparation for more wholesale destruction. Realising that the affliction that has overtaken the school in question has probably extended itself to others, it seems worth while suggesting some sort of a general remedy. Why not try a little more English literature? It promotes sympathy and thought, and quickens the imagination. Militarism cannot possibly exist alongside its sway.

Reverting to the concrete and particular (it is well to make use of the actual instance), what part has English literature played in our O.T.C. school? Until two years ago, next to nothing at all. The headmaster did not object to a little prose of the adventure-novel type, but poetry was wasteful expenditure, it made boys effeminate and unfitted them to be virile British citizens. That is what he said. Moreover, it destroyed clear thinking and fuddled and intoxicated the brain. One day the classical master asked the Sixth Form if it had ever heard of Keats. No! Nobody had ever heard of Keats. So the classical master read the "Ode to a Nightingale" to the boys; but he was shocked at their judgment. They said it was "babyish," though it is not quite clear whether this epithet

referred to Keats, or the nightingale, or merely the language. That is not all, for just about the same time a very smart youth with a gift for phrasing said that Shakespeare was "a mere tradition foisted upon us by our elders." Perhaps the very smart youth found it in a book, for if the phrase was quite his own he must be doing great things by now as a 1921 reviewer and journalist, granting recant and a little more sympathy.

It is true, however, that two years ago a slight change for the better was brought about by the efforts of a new master. When he entered the school he could not find a volume of lyrics anywhere, save in a small, insufficient masters' library, and in the sixth form. The establishment was very nearly anthologyless. The military headmaster had clearly opposed the introduction of poetry, with manifest results. So the new master set to work to try to undo some of the damage. He ordered books for more than half a dozen classes, good sound books in verse and prose, and generally speaking got the boys interested in them. Nevertheless, he was frequently opposed. All orders for new material had to pass through the headmaster's hands, with the result that sometimes the books came and sometimes they didn't. Occasionally they got turned into something else; for instance, a fairy-tale and folk-lore book for a lower form put in an appearance as Fenimore Cooper's *Deerslayer*. The new master's point of view was this—Literature is the expression of the Spirit of Man, and, properly selected, has quite an invigorating and tonic effect upon the mind of youth. He even persuaded the boys to learn a few poems by heart and squeeze a little of the Spirit of Man into their corps-jaded brains. The headmaster, again, couldn't agree with this. People didn't learn Euclid's propositions or pages out of the history book by heart, and things cut into lengths, like poems, ought at least to be treated as respectfully as Euclid's propositions. Thus had he shot at Orpheus all his life, and perhaps Orpheus is now shooting back at him. From stories told to me by assistant masters about other important schools, these particular instances may not sound very absurd to the average pedagogue; they may even find them commonplace and tame. It is certainly high time that the Spirit of Man did a little more talking

in the desolate classrooms. There are reform schools, and there are good schools, reasonable in their outlook, and efficient all round. But in spite of the 1917 and 1918 educational campaign, there are still a very large number of institutions of the public-school type which are extremely narrow in understanding and almost baneful in their expressed results; for the boys who leave them have few interests, showing little taste for anything outside business hours beyond sport, shoddy drama, bad music, and the conviviality which leads nowhere. They are generally, of course, too interested in mere show, and judge everything from the outside appearance of the cup and platter. Snobbery and foppery! Vanity and triviality! We know their outlook, very often it is not their fault. Unfortunately, owing to the social or financial security of their parents, they are often destined to take their places among the ruling classes (that is, if revolution does not turn everything upside down). Yet they have never been trained to think sympathetically and imaginatively; and they are hypnotised by every Press "stunt," and swayed by every wind that blows from the popular bellows. They will help to keep journalism and the drama at its present low level, thwart the League of Nations, pile up expenditure, and get us ready for the next war. We are under the shadow of all the plagues of Egypt and more than one uplifting deluge. It would be quite pleasant to stand upon some vermin-free Mount Ararat, where you can look profoundly into everything and bide your time. How consoling it would be to the worried, serious-minded parent to think that his sons were really impressed by the broad, humane vision of William Shakespeare or John Ruskin, and stirred emotionally and intellectually by such poets as Swinburne, Browning, and Shelley. A little of the silk-hatted Christian Romanticism of the reviled Victorian age would even do no harm, and Tennyson might be read a little more than at present. For with the decline of classical instruction in schools there is a corresponding decline of many of the best moral elements. Probably they have no association, but they are both clearing off to another planet. Good manners are declining, many traditions of honesty and fairplay are going to the wall. Let us then open the English written books of the good

and wise men of the present and past, more particularly of the past, give the poets a fair chance, and Romance a broad and free stage upon which to play. The audience is waiting; only the curtain must be lifted. Let us see what the great writers have to say about chivalry and knighthood, honour and suffering, receiving and giving, service and dominion. Above all, let us see what they have to say about justice and forgiveness. Give the Spirit of Man a fair chance, and let every side of him have his opportunity so long as he isn't actually offensive; there are, after all, just a few books which need not be read in the class-room. I read in a recent issue of the *Communist* that that enchanting writer William Morris is claimed as a tip-top revolutionist, a first-class Bolshevist or Communist. Well, then, give Bolshevism and Communism a sound hearing, seeing that it is nothing more iniquitous than William Morris. There should be no boycotting of any kind of honest thought or inspiration in school, particularly as many boys stay there till they are eighteen or nineteen. Owing to the higher certificate examinations and the energies of the Board of Education in recent years, the length of stay has been somewhat extended, and there is hope for the future if only the curriculum could become more imaginative. Instruction in physical and natural Science (that Judas amid knowledge) is very nearly as good as it ought to be. But it does not sufficiently broaden the outlook and promote interests. Mr. Fisher has said somewhere that an educated man is one who knows how to enjoy his leisure. This is evident enough, but it is also evident that much leisure becomes a boredom if the human being has not happy and varied interests. These can be promoted so easily by that quickening of the mind which comes from extensive reading of the best literature, containing as it does every human and uplifting element. The mind that reads widely will not only get disgust for so much grabbing and profiteering, but also quickly find its natural level in regard to interest in history, poetry, and natural science. The League of Nations, in its journal *Headway*, is already emphasising the importance of the right kind of instruction in education, and I can believe that it will not be very long before it publishes a pamphlet on the importance of literary in-

centive in schools. For after all it must be incentive. The interest must be stimulated. You cannot really teach literature, the school years are so few that there is not time for the child to peruse more than a very few works, or learn or assimilate more than a very few poems. But a little of the best of everything may be taken, matter which will excite such wonder and interest that he will desire more of it, and out of school, when he is not playing, read continuously, and with avidity and passion. Professor Quiller Couch, recognising what is needed, has recently edited an excellent series of literature books for use in schools as well as in the home. They are cheap, well selected, and beautifully bound. I refer to the " King's Treasury " series published by Dent. Children like to finger them as well as read them, and they act intellectually as very fine spurs. Unfortunately, the examiners are continually defeating the efforts of the more careful teachers by the very strange questions they set. They persist in treating literature as they would geography, tabulated history, or mathematics. Their questions are not only often marred by obscurity (at any rate to the child), but also by pedantry and dullness. A master with real sympathy for his subject does not want to treat it as a dry-as-dust sort of science. The boy very quickly gets into the habit of dividing books into two kinds, *dry* and *interesting*. Through the efforts of the examiners a great many of the books that really matter become classed as " dry," while the rubbish, which cannot possibly exert any permanent impression upon him, he praises as " jolly fine " or "exciting." So he comes to hate the good stuff and tolerate the bad. And the cause of it all is bad teaching, stimulated by unimaginative examiners—it is really preferable that there should be none at all. The boy on leaving school rarely seems to realise that poetry is emotional expression, or the crystallisation of human passion or thought. He does not understand the meaning of the terms " song " or " rhythm." He does not know why some kinds of human expression are rhythmical or metrical, and some kinds are not. Ballad, the folk song, legend, myth, the passionate and inquiring mind which went to making them, all these he frequently knows nothing about. If he did he would be impatient of discord

and mental dullness. The examiners, certainly, rarely help either him or the teacher. I will quote some of the questions set to boys and girls by the University of Cambridge in 1920 to show how unsuitable many of these questions are. They are taken from the General English Literature paper, or general knowledge paper in English Literature of the Senior Local Examination (*i.e.*, no set or prepared books), and the children who sit for them range in ages from fifteen to eighteen:—" What is meant by the term ' metaphysical ' as applied to a certain school of poets? Illustrate your answer by a short account of one poet of the school, with quotations, if possible." The chief comment one can make on this is that it is not suitable for children; it is far too difficult for the average boy or girl. It is a question for University students. Here is another question (from the same paper), which errs more seriously: " What do you know of the contents of either (*a*) ' Absalom and Achitophel ' *or* (*b*) ' The Rape of the Lock '? Give a brief account of the occasion which led to the composition of the poem you select." Now to comment on this is easy, for a sure way to make grown men hate poetry is to start them off with Pope and Dryden in their early years. Pope and Dryden were poets of the study, bitter men of the world, and in no sense of the word inspired or open-air writers. One should not put scorn and provident satire into the hands of children; at least their place should be secondary and not promoted to the examination paper. Another question (from the same paper):—" Describe the alteration which took place in English prose style during the seventeenth century." This is an extremely difficult question for children. Few men of letters, even, would like to answer it thus—in an examination hall, and at short notice.

The above questions are a fairly good sample of what external examiners set to our growing boys and girls. It is high time there was a change. Children can be led to like the best things in literature if they are brought to them nicely, on pleasant dishes, and with entertaining reflection and suggestion. And it seems to me that the whole future moral outlook of the race depends upon reform in education set upon a broad literary basis.

An Estimate of Civilisation

By H. F. Ambrose

CHILDREN of to-day are brought up in the belief that they are the inheritors of a civilisation more complete than any other of which the world has had experience. Apart from whether this be true or not, the facts that are marshalled in support of this belief are worthy of consideration. If the average man—and he is, after all, the man that counts—be asked whether he believes in the pre-eminence of our civilisation, he will reply, without hesitation, that he does. If asked why, he will point to the scientific progress made in the last few generations. That that progress has been wonderful cannot be denied, but that it of itself gives us the right to look upon ourselves as the most highly civilised people that the world has ever seen is open, at least, to question.

In making any claim whatsoever, it is desirable to have clear in our minds the grounds upon which we wish our claim to rest, should it be questioned. We need to determine, therefore, by what standards to measure civilisation before glorying in our own. Most of us would agree, probably, that a state of civilisation was one in which were cultivated those characteristics in men that best fitted them for living together in an ordered and settled manner, and that the higher our civilisation the further we were removed from brute creation.

In its highest and fullest sense, then, the state of civilisation is one in which the divine element in man has taken the place of the animal. Agreeing on this, it will not take long to assess at its true value the reason brought forward by the average man: that scientific progress was a mark of civilisation.

Without a doubt, the scientist himself, whether disinterested or not, approaches in his work to the divine type, for, to achieve anything, his brain and soul must have triumphed quite definitely over his body. Each successive

act that increases the sum of human knowledge can only be made by the application, on the part of the individual, of the highest human qualities; by keen thought, by perseverance, by self-sacrifice, and by the great expenditure of energy. Owing to the discoveries of Lister and Curie, the average span of human years may, perhaps, be longer now than formerly, but that, of itself, is unimportant; whether a man live forty years or seventy can matter very little unless he give proof of the divinity within him. Advances in science may have lightened the volume of physical pain in the world, but they have not rid us of the burden of our own thoughts, nor shown us how our spirits may stand clear of our bodies.

Consider the tale of material progress of the last few hundred years, and, with the changes that this has brought, try to discover any change in the character of the living world.

As a means of conveyance the railway train has succeeded the coach, the aeroplane may succeed the train; thus the values of time and distance have to be recast in our minds, but such a change does not turn our thoughts to nobler things. Our houses are now lighted by electricity, in place of the guttering candles of earlier years; we can talk to our friends even though they be separated from us by many miles; we can kill men in war by means unknown to our simpler ancestors. All these, of course, may be evidences of progress, but, at least, it is pardonable to doubt it.

If we were able to show that the majority of men were less swayed by merely animal or savage passions than were their forefathers, we might say that our civilisation had surpassed that of other ages. With the shadow of a great war still upon us, however, and with the memories of four years of chicanery, guile, and bestiality, memories enough to make us despise our own humanity, we cannot honestly say that.

Men, half persuaded by the lies of those whose interest it was that they should slay each other, have fought with such fury that the dead are now numbered by millions; and in this conflict science played its proud part. As in the world of nature the weakest have suffered, those with nothing to gain have in so many cases lost all; the stronger, economically, have reaped for themselves very great

material benefit. It is not possible to prove that this war, in which the majority of civilised peoples played a part, was waged, as has been the case in certain instances in the past, in defence of any high ideal, or has resulted in any clearer perception of the truth. Might, the weapon of the world, will triumph in the future, just as it has in the past, over right. The war has shown, in the simple soldier who saw his duty straight ahead and gave his life, the measure of the divinity in man, but it has shown still more clearly that that divinity may lead a man to death, but it will not carry him far towards honour in the eyes of his highly civilised fellow men.

Apart from the war, consider any other aspect of present human activities, and you will not fail to find that the sentiment underlying all action is materialistic. By far the greater majority of mankind live through their lives with scarce a thought above the gaining of their daily bread. That may be the fault of an unjust economic system, but in those whom the system favours you will find no clearer signs of higher, clearer thinking. Those fortunate ones, placed above the constant fear of starvation, bend their thoughts towards the amassing of money, material pleasure, bodily comforts, worldly honours doubtfully acquired. Kind hearts may be more worthy than coronets, but he who would wish to be honoured in the eyes of his fellows would yet be wise, given the opportunity, to choose the latter.

The war over, what of the future? Those who believe in the inherent equality of man are witnessing with mingled feelings of approbation and disgust the march of present events. They see that power is changing hands, that attempts are being made to ease the burdens that lie so heavily on the shoulders of the weak, but they see also that those to whom power is coming are no more honourable, no clearer-sighted, no more generous of heart than the leaden-souled from whom it is slipping.

A people that thinks only of itself, and of to-day, that cares only for material benefit, that seeks revenge, that scorns justice, is not likely to carry the torch of civilisation to any great heights. That there is need for progress who can deny, when he looks upon the mass of mankind? Mix as he may with his fellows, he will not be able to gather from their conversation that their thoughts ever soar above

the food that they eat, the games that they play, the money that they earn, and the women whom they marry, or hope to marry. He will fail altogether to discover that they have any idea of beauty, of justice, or of truth.

Politicians may talk of a cleaner, better world, but there is little hope of any change until men come to an appreciation of the meaning of civilisation. Human progress does not depend on the multiplication of creature comforts, but on the cultivation of the divine elements in man. For our bodily needs, sufficient food, sufficient warmth, and shelter from the weather are all that are desirable; exaggerations of any of these are no mark of progress. It is the state of the minds and souls of the mass of the people that marks the upward progress of the human race.

When the world shall honour truth more than cunning, probity than wealth, virtue than success, then those who shall be living at that time will be able to argue with justification that they are civilised beyond all other ages.

THEATRE-CRAFT
Editors: Hermon Ould and Horace Shipp

The Contemporary Theatre

By Horace Shipp

Some weeks ago the autumn theatre season stretched out before us with a list of promising new plays. The element of revue seemed not quite overpowering, the names of a few serious dramatists were forward, one heard rumours of interesting *décor* and production, the Russians were to come back, Shaw's *Heartbreak House* was at last to find a London stage, the international season at the Everyman Theatre listed a play from the German and a quadruple bill of Dunsany plays. At the moment of writing these notes much of this programme has yet to be fulfilled, but watching the curtains rising upon these productions we are minded of the Stevensonian epigram which ascribes so much good to the worst and so much bad to the best as to render character universally piebald. Almost always there is a failure to weld together the component parts of a production into an artistic whole; one popular element is seized upon in the hope that it will focus public attention, other factors are relegated to positions out of all true perspective, and so our theatrical art remains a thing of hopeless shreds and good patches. Hitherto we have always turned to the Russian Ballet to demonstrate the possibility of production based upon a sound appreciation of this perspective and governed by the synthetic idea. *The Sleeping Princess* has shaken our faith in M. Diaghileff, for it has overreached itself. It displays that belief in sheer quantity which has become the tradition at His Majesty's and Drury Lane, but two hundred costumes are not more artistic than two costumes, and with memories of *Prince Igor* or *Children's Tales* we remain unimpressed by the megaphone methods.

One London production, however, is recompense for

many evenings of the mood " If only . . . " and the grumble " Why don't they . . . ? " There is no need to apologise for the fact of reverting to *Heartbreak House* after it has been running for several weeks, for it is so certainly the one great play of this season, and is almost inexhaustible as a theme. With these later Shaw plays there is so much more than surface that we sometimes fear the brilliance of that surface lest it prevent us seeing more deeply. The point of his jokes pierces to the very heart of civilised life; it is not enough to laugh and so to forget. *Heartbreak House* is written with religious fervour; Shaw's exhortations to repentance and the seeking of salvation thunder against the people who have worshipped idols instead of his true God. And all the time it is brilliant and amusing. In *Heartbreak House* Shaw has brought his own dramatic method to perfection. No play ever had less story, and I doubt whether one ever had more content. This group of people talking amusingly and with apparent inconsequence in a chance tea-time and after-dinner meeting at the house of the eccentric sea-captain reveal to us the forces of desire and will which are struggling beneath the surfaces of Western civilisation, and which because of their lack of power or their misdirection of it have gone to the unmaking of that civilisation. Always in the play things are more than their own surfaces; beneath persons we find the types which persons express; beneath types lie the fierce conflicting elements which are the atomic energy of contemporary life; deepest of all the eternal drama works itself out—the force which makes for order gropes its way into being out of chaos. So down to the very heart of life beneath a scintillating dialogue: words, words, words which strip the wrappings down to " the last folds of the soul." As Shaw relentlessly tears away the shams from everything we stand with him in Heartbreak House, and there realise that if his brilliant tragi-comedy in its epitome of our time is also a castigation of our time, it contains hope—the hope of the captain who knows the ways of Providence with drunken skippers, but proclaims the gospel of him who can " lay his course, and stand on his bridge and steer it."

A great play, and it is being given production which keeps its significance clear. Stylism in its introduction might have spoiled its clarity, but in the sound craftsmanship at the Court there is nothing to stand between the

audience and the play. We reproduce as an interesting comparison the two scene designs by J. B. Fagan and those of Albert Rall for the production of the play at the Munich State Theatre. The English naturalism lacks the conscious artistry of the German, but gains in unobtrusiveness, and at the first production of a play which demands the full resources of our minds the method which makes no further tax is probably best. When this play takes its place among the perennials of the theatre we look forward to settings less realistic, more expressive of the inwardness of the play; but, excellent of their kind, these of Mr. Fagan's are satisfying whilst accepting the rather rigid limits which Shaw sets to his designers. The acting, too, is in this key. Edith Evans as Lady Utterword, a splendid study of the social exterior, and Brember Wills as Shotover are the outstanding figures; Mary Grey's Hesione is the best piece of work she has yet achieved.

A vogue for plays written around historic characters is inferred by the chance contemporaneous appearance of a number of this kind. Byron, Deburau, Talma, Shakespeare, and Wat Tyler are thus revisiting the habitations of the moon with the now institutional Abraham Lincoln. It requires courage to deal with the theme of Shakespeare, and we look forward to Clemence Dane's work in the hope that it will exhibit craftsmanship as sound as is revealed in her earlier play. In view of these historical plays, the essay upon historic drama from the pen of Halcott Glover in this issue is of especial interest; the production of Mr. Glover's own play at the Old Vic has been one of the events of the theatrical month. The mention of the Old Vic prompts us to add a word of support to the appeal for funds which is being made by that admirable playhouse. Such an appeal can be made because there goes with it no taint of asking for the " endowment of failure "; it is asking the meed of success. In spite of almost insuperable difficulties, the theatre has established itself as an institution catering for the dramatic needs of the people at prices within the limits of the worker's purse. Its success artistically, its success in popularity, amply justify its request for external support to meet a necessary but external demand. Abroad such a theatre would receive ample State or civic endowment; we hope that here the sum which will ensure the continuance of its work will be forthcoming.

On Historical Plays

By Halcott Glover

WHY should there be plays so-called historical? The visible world is all round us, packed with men and women each one a story exhaustless in many volumes. Whatever of interest or adventure: tragedy, comedy, high enterprise, contest of fate and will—whatever spectacle of humanity any age, the most heroic, may have presented, it is all in essence with us at the present moment. Surely those who are impatient with what they regard as evasions of the obvious task, the task of revealing to mankind what mankind immediately is, have some reason on their side. Yet there appears to have been no period in which some have not chosen to call up visions of the past and many to applaud them. Are all who collaborate in the evasion, poets and public alike, the inferiors, the weaklings? Vast reputations and the general voice notwithstanding, it is worth while to consider how far the dissentients are right.

Most people, however much they love their footlighted modern world, will exclude Shakespeare from their condemnation, though there are not wanting those who have the courage of their convictions. Dislike of Shakespeare, or more generally insensibility to him, is a common accompaniment of the matter of fact attitude we are considering. Taking this attitude as in gross wrong, may we nevertheless extract from its confusion some thoughts upon the detail in which it is right?

At the very beginning it is right in suspicion of the idea expressed in the word historical. This word bears much the same relation to history as the word artistic bears to art. History is a cold, exact inquiry, What happened? A history play, properly so called, would present in dramatic shape the results of the cold, exact inquiry, and it is safe to say that such a play has never been written, and probably safe to add, never will be written. What then has been written under this name? Much, the best

of which will be considered presently; more, and especially in recent times, the kind of thing which has brought the historical play into discredit, and rightly so.

What has passed for history is antiquarianism, what has made it sickly is facile romance. These are the rocks to which the proud, full sail of chronicle drama has come, and if the plain man's objection be set up as a lighthouse warning us off, the plain man will have done better service than he knows.

For the plain man, with his insistence upon plain fact, is consciously a very limited being. He does not see that the poets' universal picture of mankind is revelation of what he, the plain man, potentially is. In days when he was not flattered with perpetual representations of his surface laziness and triviality his senses may have been quicker; if Shakespeare took themes from ages long anterior to his own, he bodied them in the people who walked before his eyes, and the event has shown that both then and for centuries afterwards plain men have responded. One reason for this response may lie in the fact that in proportion as a man is unsophisticated he tends unwittingly to maintain a view once in practice general and now in theory spreading about the world that history is always an aspect of contemporary thought. The past can have no meaning for us unless it is also the present. The present is not only the accidental covering which any fool can see, but far more is the enduring past. If Brutus does not walk to-day in London there never was a Brutus. If John Smith did not walk under the Palace of the Cæsars, with a bowler hat in the recesses of his brain, there is no John Smith now in England. Something no doubt is added as the centuries go by; memory, conscious and unconscious, grows richer; but man remains the same in one thing: he is everything that he can imagine. Those who cry out for the revelation to mankind of what mankind immediately is should remember this. He is immediately all things in earth and heaven which he can visualise and feel. Time is turning the tables upon the realists (using the word as it was understood by the writers of the past generation). Those writers were not to be imposed upon by antiquarianism and romance, and it is believed that the demand for literal representation of everyday fact was

a true reaction from many absurdities and sentimentalities. But shall the broom, however necessary, lead us to the absurdity that the whole world is dust?

The historical fiction which was so justly condemned was a parallel with the realism which grew up in its ruins. Both were superficial. To claim that Harrison Ainsworth and his successor and opposite, George Gissing, were the same man is paradoxical, but the truth within the paradox is insisted upon. Each in his different way was afraid of life; neither presented life as it is. Popular taste, sound as usual in the main, greatly preferred Ainsworth. Was this because Ainsworth at least recognised that man is wider than the back street, and while he clothed him in fustian and choked him in the dust of old draperies, was virile enough to stand outside a local depression and point to men who knew something richer than the cry, Ashes to ashes?

Mr. Podsnap used to reduce all life and all art to the formula of getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, and so forth. Having begun by paying tribute in this article to the virtues of the modern Podsnap (worthy man) and elevating his prejudices to the position of sound principles, may I conclude with a statement of what the play called historical, in my opinion, really is? It is a widening of our everyday life to take in thoughts and actions not ordinarily present, a vicarious exercise of creative passions, a fresh angle from which to see ourselves. The play instinct, the love of dressing up, are not only harmless, but so long as they are knowingly fictitious, increase knowledge. The historical play is a corrective to the equally fictitious drama which, masquerading as reality, limits human faculty to the petty and the mean.

Wagner and Earthbound Producers

By Hermon Ould

It may be that opera is a bastard form which will never receive the suffrage accorded to more legitimate art-forms. It may be that the human organism cannot appreciate appeals made simultaneously to its mind, its emotions, and two of its most important senses. These things may be. But so long as it is proposed to attempt the performance of operas it is reasonable to devote some consideration to congruity in their production.

I recently heard *The Valkyrie* given by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Covent Garden; unfortunately, I not only heard it, I saw it. If I had been wise and had closed my eyes throughout the four hours of the performance it is conceivable that I should have taken away with me a vivid picture of what was happening. Wagner's music is expressive enough: it carries the imagination to regions beyond the bounds of theatrical convention, and provides a key for entrance into a metaphysical world in which the spirit is released from material trammels. But, having eyes, I was constrained to use them, and this is what I saw.

"A wild and rocky pass," says the programme. Not a bit of it! A very well-preserved and neat rock garden, planned on a large scale; some of the rocks "built up," others flat but beautifully painted to look like rocks. All of the rocks carefully decorated with the fixed rays of a rosily departing sun. In a word, make-believe badly done, untinged by the tiniest spark of real imagination. The ladies and gentlemen who sang so well looked like figures in a Lord Mayor's Show, advertisements for patent foods—anything but the wild, wind-washed creatures which the music gives to one's mind. It was as if all the reforms which have taken place in stage-craft during the last ten years had passed unnoticed by the producer, whose

standard would appear to be that of the pantomime " transformation scene."

It will be said that Wagner is to blame; that his stage directions are explicit and not to be gainsaid. But the excuse is not valid. Wagner will live as a musician and as a poet, possibly as a philosopher; as a stage-craftsman he is not nowadays to be seriously regarded. His valuable contributions to the subject of theatrical architecture are recognised and, in so far as they were practicable, have been applied. But his stage directions are becoming more and more ignored as the progress of theatrical art leaves a materialistic conception of presentation behind. The infantile tricks which Wagner designed for the production of *Parsifal* are being abandoned one by one, and the youngest of us may live to see a performance in which no stuffed dove descends jerkily on wires to remain poised ludicrously over Parsifal's head.

Wagner generally said too much. Having no illusions about the perspicacity of the public, he was not inclined to leave anything unexplained: he rubbed in and underlined. The criticism of his music is outside my province: as an outsider I would hesitate to suggest that a bar of it could be deleted without detriment to the balance of the whole. The cutting of a phrase from a play can so easily throw the whole thing out of gear that I am prepared to believe, by analogy, that every note that Wagner wrote must be preserved. But, if I were a producer, I should be willing to throw overboard nearly all his stage directions, and, having attempted to absorb the emotional content of the dramas, would put on the stage a production true to the concept which resulted.

To return to *The Valkyrie*: seeing that the play is teeming with symbolism, it is particularly inept to attempt to produce it in a setting which aims at picturesque realism. If it were a play like *Heartbreak House*—no less teeming with symbolism—in which the author asks you to accept his characters as men and women of our own time, there would be some reason (not, to my way of thinking, much) in setting it realistically; but *The Valkyrie* hasn't a normal human being in its cast, makes no pretence at realism in utterance, and is swathed in an atmosphere created by music so charged with esoteric significance that the

listener might well imagine himself transported to another sphere. All of which suggests to my understanding that simplicity should be the cardinal tenet of the Wagner producer's creed: the simpler the more merciful. No doubt different producers would have different conceptions, any one of which might be entirely satisfactory. My quarrel with the Carl Rosa production is that there was no conception at all. It held to earth a spirit that would fain be free; it gave the lie to the music, and was not on nodding terms with the text of the play.

The play-producer's art is becoming more and more a plastic art. Although most of our unregenerate theatres will go on for many years producing plays realistically, the day of realism in presentation has already passed; even the course of the " decorator " has probably reached its zenith and is on the downward grade to an undignified nadir. Some cause, probably not unrelated to the international upheaval of the last seven years, has made us impatient of artistic trifling, and the " decorator "—much as one welcomed him and enjoyed him in his heyday—was perhaps prone to treat plays as an excuse for making pretty pictures. Well, pretty pictures are not too plentiful, but they have little enough to do with the art of the theatre. The theatre, if it does not intensify our interest in life and link us up with the scheme of the universe, is not worthy of serious attention.

If Wagner, then, " means intensely, and means good," the producer's concern should be to find out his meaning and strive to express it. Not an easy task, granted; but was any great achievement in art come by easily? Ruling out the realistic method of staging as unpardonable, and according but faint encouragement to the " decorator," what other course is open?

One way would be to dispense with scenery altogether, substituting therefor a series of curtains of colours which would at least not clash with the character of the play. It is not a method that greatly commends itself to me, but it could not be less successful than the realistic method. Or—striking a cross between the negativeness of curtains and the ultra-positivism of imitation nature—one might contrive a built-up setting which, while not making any attempt to compete with nature, might never-

theless, by appropriate shapes and sensitively managed lighting, create a convention that would satisfy the eyes without outraging the mind. Mr. Paul Nash, if it is permissible to judge from the designs which have appeared in earlier issues of THEATRE-CRAFT, could invent such a setting. His " Platform Facing the Sea," reproduced in the fifth number of the magazine, was an imaginative design of remarkable intensity in which there was little fidelity to objective nature, but unswerving loyalty to her spirit.

But it is probably in the development of theatrical lighting that our greatest hope lies. Added to the minimum of material shapes, light can perform wonders beyond the ken of most producers; the possibilities of shadows, massed and fugitive, have not been explored at all, and to the best of my knowledge no English producer has yet used light related only to the characters of the play. At the Grosse Schauspielhaus in Berlin I saw a production of *The Merchant of Venice*—vile in most other respects—in which this expedient was effectively exploited for many of the shorter episodes. A shaft of light, flung vertically from the roof, provided a circle not too circumscribed for the action: the rest of the stage was, of course, " blacked out."

Light, by its fluid nature, is peculiarly fitted for the interpretation of plays which demand imaginative treatment . . . all plays, in other words, which are worth producing. And by light I do not necessarily mean coloured light. Coloured lighting has already been overdone on our stage: too often has paucity of imagination been glossed over by a plentiful larding of sickly, sentimental, and meaningless lighting.

And in the penultimate word of the last paragraph resides the crux of the matter: so many of our stage-tricks are meaningless. If all producers vowed that they would not be guilty of employing a trick that had no meaning, would use no expedient which did not serve some end justified by the meaning of the play, would do nothing, however effective in itself, which ran counter to the meaning of the play, it is possible that some of us would less frequently leave the theatre oppressed by that sense of utter futility which so often overweights us.

Chamber-Drama

By Clifford Bax

A HUNDRED years ago we could not have persuaded anyone, I suppose, that Cimabue and Duccio are at least as admirable as Raphael and Tintoretto. The picture-lover was incapable of transcending his assumption that perspective and modelling—verisimilitude, in short—were necessary to good painting. To-day there are many people who find the springtime of Italian art more beautiful than its summer. There are few, however, who can purge their minds of the assumption that verisimilitude is necessary to good drama, and still fewer who realise that plays in verse and plays in prose ought to aim at wholly different effects and ought to be judged by wholly different standards.

The typical prose-play is naturalistic. The author devises a chain of events and a form of dialogue that resemble ordinary life. He knows that we shall be outraged if the doomed financier soliloquises at length upon the hazards of the Stock Exchange. The designer, in turn, presents an exact replica of the bank manager's office. He knows that we shall titter if the walls tremble as the manager enters. Now, verse is an exalted or a decorative form of speech, and it should have been obvious, therefore, that to present a verse-play naturalistically is not less abominable than to paint a window in relief as Reynolds painted his window at Oxford. A play which is conventionalised for the ear should be conventionalised for the eye. Picture-postcard vistas of Verona, real water and apparently burgeoning trees are in violent contradiction to patterned speech. They remind us that men do not speak metrically. On the other hand, if a verse-play were not so mounted, not spoken in conversational tones, not accompanied by everyday gestures, we should happily permit the characters to express themselves in verse and with an eloquence that we cannot command. The principle

is, indeed, so obvious that you may well be impatient with me for so gravely insisting upon it. I do so because the naturalistic presentation of a conventional play is merely the most marked example of our stupidity in the matter of verse-drama.

The prose-play, then, should not retreat too far from ordinary life; the verse-play should not approach too near. The latter should be conventional through and through, and a poet should accept the limitations of his medium as gladly as the painter of glass. And here I would ask you to reflect for a moment upon the parallel development of painting and drama. In mediæval pictures we see no appearance of solidity. In the Mystery plays we hear no echo of daily speech. The plays are written in regular stanzas. At a later period we find in both arts the typical transition of the Renaissance from severity to freedom, from fantasy to imitation. The conquest of perspective destroyed the style of the primitives, and culminated in the three-dimensional pictures of Leonardo. In like manner, the discovery of blank-verse destroyed the style of the Chester Cycle, and culminated in the work of Shakespeare. Shakespeare represents a transitional period. His work is a bridge between the strict verse of the Mystery plays and the natural dialogue of Ibsen. Throughout his life, as befitted a Renaissance writer, he was moving toward the prose-play—a fact which is manifested by the proportion of prose in his earlier and in his later work. Because his plays are transitional, are neither conventional nor natural, they are impossible to produce in a satisfactory manner: for at times his dialogue is so close to ordinary speech that it will not remain within a decorative setting, and at times, again, is so ornate that it will not harmonise with imitative scenery.

Later poets, impressed by Shakespeare's magnificent achievement, have tried to write as though they, too, belonged to a period of transition. They did not see that the transition had been effected, that prose had won the day. Meanwhile, the prose-playwright slowly disencumbered himself from convention, abolished the soliloquy and the aside, pruned out the sustained metaphor, and finally (as in *The Fugitive*, by Galsworthy) made his characters as inarticulate as most people are in actual life.

Model by J. B. Fagan for Heartbreak House,
Acts I and II.
(Court Theatre, London.)

Model by J. B. Fagan for Heartbreak House,
Act III.
(Court Theatre, London.)

Setting by Albert Rall for Heartbreak House,
Act III.
(Munich State Theatre.)

Setting by Albert Rall for Heartbreak House,
Acts I and II.
(Munich State Theatre.)

Verse-drama could have held its own, if at all, only by as resolutely retreating into convention. The poets, on the contrary, attempted the impossible feat of rivalling the prose-writer on his own ground. In the misapplied ingenuity of Rostand the verse-play touches its nadir of decadence. He tried to write verse that should sound as natural as prose—to persuade us, for example, that Count Metternich might really have discoursed upon politics in rhymed alexandrines: and often, in his effort to show us how lifelike verse could be, he divided a line among so many speakers that it ceases to be a line of verse at all. He executed his task with such dexterity that the public —always beguiled by virtuosity—was enraptured. It applauded Rostand because he had taught verse to stand on its hind legs.

Putting aside the hybrid form of the Elizabethans, there are two forms of verse-drama which we ought to consider—the Greek and the Mediæval. I do not believe in kicking rocks, and for that reason have no intention of raising the forlorn cry, "Back to the Greeks." The Greeks, with their seemingly infallible instinct, may have evolved the noblest dramatic form that has ever existed. It is a form that fitted an extinct age, and we cannot adopt it as a whole. Greek drama, moreover, is drama on a grand scale, and (as I sought to show in a previous article) we cannot expect verse-plays in our time to waken the enthusiasm of more than a few people. Hundreds of years hence, when men shall once more realise the wonder of the world and the grandeur of man's purpose, dramatists no doubt will return to verse and audiences find a profounder self-fulfilment in formal than in imitative plays. Verse, we know, has been driven into the byways, and contemporary verse-drama must therefore content itself with an unambitious form. The Mystery plays afford us a pattern which is slight and compassable. Their convention is so complete that, just as Mr. Dolmetsch extols the virginal at the expense of the piano, some band of misguided enthusiasts must surely announce before long that our dramatic primitives are more admirable than our dramatic Titians, that *Hamlet* is not to be compared for excellence with *Everyman* or *The Sacrifice of Isaac*. I do not propose to cry "Back to the Chester Cycle." No

forceful imagination harks back. No vital age can pour itself into the mould of an age gone by. I believe, nevertheless, that a poet of our time would find in the scope and pattern of the Mystery plays an approximation to the form in which he might reasonably work. He would decide that since he intends to write in verse he will write in strict verse; and if he did not use rhymed stanzas he would be careful at least to avoid the wavering outline of most Elizabethan blank-verse. He would realise that he ought not to attempt the rapid effects which are possible in prose, or if he employed them at all would do so as judiciously as the Greeks, in order not to impair the general dignity of movement in his play. For verse, although it can impart to humour a peculiar grace and point, must be expected, if used seriously, to make comparatively slow impressions. Above all, he would set out to express for us not what we might say in a given situation, but what we might feel, to show men not as they appear, but as they are. And since these plays would be performed in humble places, they would of necessity be staged quite simply. William Morris was right when he claimed that a mitre is enough to transform a player into a bishop.

If plays of this kind are written and performed we shall develop a mode which might be called chamber-drama. Its effects in comparison with those of a West End theatre would be as those of chamber-music in comparison with the music of the Queen's Hall—slighter, yes, but not thereby less moving: for, no matter how formal the structure nor how circumscribed the material display, the spiritual content would be limited only by the aim of the poet or by his measure of wisdom.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

A Barmecide Feast

By Laurence North

"WELL," said the woman, as the man met her in the entrance-hall of the Vérité, "here I am, punctual, as usual, to the moment——"

She held out her hand. Their fingers touched and fell apart, disengaging a little more quickly than they had made contact. It seemed almost as if the man had waited to see whether the woman wished to dispense with that empty ceremony.

"To the moment," he echoed, fumbling for conversation, in which at times of crisis he was never a ready man.

"But don't flatter yourself," she continued, ignoring his negligible remark, "that I was desperately eager to come."

"I never flatter myself——"

"Then you must have changed fearfully. Don't tell me the years have brought you only indiscretion. One must flatter oneself to live, at our time of life. Stop, I know you're going to say something silly about seeing no difference in me. Remember I said—'one must flatter *oneself*,' not 'flatter other people'—the two cases are not alike. Frankly, you're older looking and so, I suppose, am I, but I tell my mirror I'm not."

So then, the man reflected, with a satisfied smile, she was not the least bit changed; still the Spirit of Comedy incarnate. These twelve years had given her inimitable whimsicality only a fine accent, and as for her looks, she had no need of flattery. She was a miracle; the living proof of her pet theory that the mind could compel the body to follow suit, and her mind was as young as ever. The gulf of time would be bridged more easily than he had dared to hope. He took courage, laughed at Anno Domini, and risked an anachronism:

"Yesterday, when we dined here——"

Her eyes told him that he had found the right note. She laughed the little thrilling laugh that she kept for her mood of high good-humour, but refused to let him continue.

"Never mind yesterday just now. To-morrow we may dine here again; there's every chance it will be to-morrow, unless we go in now. But perhaps you'd prefer to stay here talking all night. I don't mind. You begin to be quite amusing. You could be amusing, you know, at times, most often when you didn't try."

"Shall we sit down out here, then?"

"There! You've spoilt it! You're trying to be amusing. Really you haven't changed a bit in that way since —yesterday."

"Then let us go in," he suggested in a rather far-away tone. He had lost himself; had become preoccupied with the woman's everlasting surprises of mood and thought, the secret, to him, of her fascination. She was a banquet, long untasted. To-night he would play the epicure, savouring every charm she might offer.

"If you really wish it," she agreed, moving on a slow step or two. "But"—she stopped and faced him—"why should we go in at all? It would be so much more original to stay here. To come to dine and sit out instead—rather an idea! How unimaginative people are, never to have invented that! And with the ball-room precedent before them all through the ages too! We could pretend to dine, you know, it would be like watching a dance—get me a *menu*, please."

"You'd really like to have a Barmecide feast?"

She gave him a sidelong enigmatical glance, in which a hundred humours contended. He read it as a command.

"Very well, I'll get the *menu*."

"Now," she said, when he returned, "we'll behave exactly as if we were dining. Let's pretend we've gone in. Where do we sit?"

"Our table is at that corner window with the perfect view of the river."

"That one!" She lifted her eyebrows. "Aren't you taking risks? It was at that very table we had our final quarrel. Aren't you afraid that to-night we might agree?"

" I'll take my chance," he said. They found a quiet place behind some palms in the hall.

" You see," she remarked, studying the card, " I have still a healthy interest in a well-arranged meal. This looks —I should say *is*—very nice."

" Yes, the influence of good food used to make you almost human."

She laughed contented agreement, and more than ever he saw and heard the girl she had been long ago. But his look grew too intent. Once more, in the old manner, she gave a light protesting gesture, and her lips framed the little bewitching pout that used to steal away his wits. " Don't look at me like that," she cried, " or there will be a sudden end to this adventure, and I'll insist on going in prosaically to dinner. All the same, now that you've made your examination, do you find me different? "

" You have gone into short frocks, that's all."

" And I hope to come triumphantly out of the ordeal. It's trying for some spinsters, you know, and not for spinsters alone, but fashion's fashion."

" I'm no judge of these illusions, but if an inexpert opinion is any use to you, I'd say ' all right.' "

" That's comforting. You're a far greater expert than you'll admit, you know. If I hadn't been all right, you'd have held your tongue about such a dangerous subject. I feel quite complimented. This *volaille* is delicious. By the way, I got your note."

" Otherwise you wouldn't have been here."

" Oh, but yes, I would. Do you know, I put off someone else, who'd asked me to dine, and at the Vérité too. Don't look so absurdly grateful—and don't jump at rash conclusions."

" I live only for the moment to-night," protested the man, but the break in his voice gave his words the lie, and the woman knew it. It suited her, however, to leave his protest unchallenged. " When we reach our coffee," she said, " I may consent to drag in the future and be serious—there's nothing so serious as the future, though it doesn't exist—but till then, please continue to live for the moment and I'll be flippant. Now let's give ourselves a rest for a little, and talk about something less interesting. There may be enough of ourselves later."

"Why put off the inevitable?"

"Just because it is inevitable," she replied, and took refuge in the lightest small-talk, playing the comedy of the imaginary meal to the end. As she praised a vintage, she even seemed to grow a little random and excited. Throughout she took the lead, seldom giving the man a chance to speak. Into that he read only omens of hope, and was content to listen.

"Yes, Turkish coffee, please," she said at last, "and you may give me a cigarette—in reality, I mean, not make-believe. Oh, you still smoke these, do you? There's a queer strain of fidelity in you. Thank you. Now, don't monopolise the conversation any longer, please, for it's my turn to speak. I'm going to do something I hate, a little resurrection work, in fact, but it has to be got over, for the ultimate happiness of everybody concerned." As she spoke, the man fancied that the woman's eyes grew misty, and he built still higher turrets to his castle in Spain. . . .

"You remember, don't you," she asked, after a long pause, "how things began to go wrong between us? I know you know, for you have a certain amount of penetration when you get time to reflect. Impromptu, you're curiously obtuse. It was, of course, that day I defied you and after a long tussle, during which I hoped—Heavens, how frank I am to-night!—yes, hoped you'd hold out to the end and win, for you were right, you gave in. You didn't know how near I was to tears in the very moment of my victory. From that hour, naturally, I dragged you at my chariot wheels. I was cruel, I know—but really, being an old-fashioned woman (or shall we say primitive?), I was only giving you chance after chance to turn and rend—no, master me; but you never took it. Then things became impossible, and we went each our own way. No, don't interrupt, please; leave me to finish. I said I was frank to-night. I'm going to be franker. Separation wasn't any happier. It taught me things about myself. I had no end of proposals, but, well, you see I'm still a foolish—or is it a wise?—virgin. All these years you kept silence—I didn't believe you'd have the strength to do it, but you did, and gradually your silence beat down my guard. I heard a lot about you. I knew that no other woman had come into your life. At last—don't think me

immodest—I couldn't let things go on any longer as they were. I had actually written to you, saying—never mind what—when your note came. . . . No, no, don't! Sit still; must I again remind you not to jump at rash conclusions?

"It was weak of me, perhaps, to come here, but I can't account for myself sometimes. Your letter, or rather the weakness that prompted you to send it, had undone the good work of all your silent years. I tore up mine, and meant to ignore your twofold invitation. But, at the very last, I thought I'd let you have one chance more. It was obviously impossible to share your bread and salt to-night, seeing what I might have to say to you, so I hit on the mad idea of sitting out. That was just where your chance—and mine—came in, for I bargained with myself that if you voted my idea too absurd, took the upper hand and swept me in to dinner, willy, nilly, even to the point, if nothing else would do, of carrying me—oh, wouldn't the people have stared! Yes, if you'd only risen to *that*, I'd have been everything to you that I promised in my torn-up letter."

What We Want America to Know

By Alan Sullivan

In the present political and economic welter, when international questions have assumed a kaleidoscopic hue, and the ring of true coinage is drowned in the rustle of paper certificates, it is imperative that the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race should stand in a clear relative perspective. Nothing will more certainly obscure the goal of civilisation than that America and Britain should misinterpret each other.

If a Martian, dwelling in the planet's orbit, and possessing insight, intuition, and comprehension about this world's affairs, were asked for a brief and unprejudiced opinion of Britain's present position, he would, being a fair man, answer something in this wise:

"I see Britain struggling with responsibilities she has not sought, and burdens too great for any single nation. For centuries this island kingdom has produced a breed that could find no scope within their ocean-ringed shores —the breed of the overseas trader, the explorer, the pioneer, the prospector. For centuries these men, young —ambitious for they knew not what—furrowed the seven seas, and where they landed Britain landed with them. Far from home they recreated the colour and aspect of home under distant skies. The family grew to a community, the community to a colony—till those who stayed behind realised that here was a miniature Britain.

"These men for the most part acted moderately. They knew that there was no place for them at home. Gradually home took on the semblance of a land to which to go when working days were done. They extended their boundaries till political and economic prudence demanded that what was British in life and trade be made also British politically and geographically.

"This process continued. It could not have been stopped without choking the mother nation. The Empire attained undreamed of proportions. There were those at

home who feared that the thing was getting unwieldy, but the demand for cohesion was paramount.

" Years passed. Colonies became nations. The spirit of independence that sowed the first seed took on new life. A paternal Government became government only in name—being replaced by autonomy. Tariffs were imposed against the Mother Country, tariffs hardly affected by a slight preferential concession. Instead of Britain emptying her surplus population where she would, emigration was controlled by the nation which the emigrant desired to adopt. The broad distinction between Britain and her Colonies grew to be that between maintenance and construction. They, together with the Protectorates, afforded opportunities for investment under the flag, but it was never a preferential investment. The gates were down to all nations. The German trader was on a par with his British rival, and because he came out to trade—and not to live—he flourished exceedingly. The thing to remember is that there was no exclusion.

" The cost of all this, the burden of it, the degree to which it subdivided the gross administrative capacity of Britain, became apparent but slowly. It was like a traveller putting pebbles, one at a time, in his knapsack, till he finds himself bent to the ground. An astonishingly large number of Britain's executives are engaged in duties which bring no national recompense whatever. These duties are as unprofitable as arduous, and, being spread over both hemispheres, create the semblance of a great organisation engaged in imperially productive pursuits. To many Americans the picture is that of a grasping Power, whose octopus tentacles reach to the ends of the earth. As a matter of fact, it is a desperate effort to preserve a jig-saw puzzle in some reasonable order. Few will deny that as a system it has been a splendid success, and that perhaps because of its incoherency.

" Independent naval and military forces were organised by Colonies and Dominions. Instead of borrowing from the Mother Country, they began to finance their needs in markets where trade would be most benefited thereby. The days of pocket money from home were over. Developing and still developing, they attracted a mixture of nationalities, and made a discovery that brought up the

whole Imperial question. It was that of internal, racial problems.

"Membership in the Commonwealth ceased to be a pass to all its integral communities. Dominions began to exclude others of the brotherhood, as well as citizens of allied nations. Delegations went to Whitehall, and journeyed back over the seven seas with large questions that involved self-determination and autonomy. Britain had heard both sides and asked for time to consider. The situation was that of a very old and parent company, with assets distributed in every direction, endeavouring to maintain a working agreement between numerous subsidiaries, all of whom, active and progressive, demanded more and more representation on the chief board of directors.

"These Dominions were self-contained. They had complete freedom of action, and no extra-lateral difficulties. The link with Britain was that of blood, tradition, and sentiment. Just what this really spelled was not determined till the world war.

"Long ere this, Britain had been for years the workshop of the world, so much the workshop that her rural population dwindled till it was unable to feed the cities.

"Germany and America were underselling her. They had, moreover, the will to work. America particularly was rich in those who aimed at independence in the shortest possible time. She, too, had a scrap-heap of systems and appliances, discarded because they were out of date. Britain had no scrap-heap. It was the difference between conservatism and a vast mechanical appetite for all that science and invention had to offer.

"Then four vivid years, during which Britain was forced to forget everything save war. America came in, turned the scales by her weight, and withdrew to her own affairs. After a few hectic months of delusion Britain began to take stock. It was time.

"She found that her visible assets—the accumulation of centuries—had nearly vanished. That her invisible assets, such as shipping earnings, had dwindled to a pittance, there being but little overseas trade. That her 'per man per day' production had seriously fallen off. That high wages during the war had demoralised the theory of payment for value received. That she was burdened not

only with appalling obligations, but also with a military scrap-heap of men and material that, having served their purpose nobly, were now a national problem.

"Another factor—the most serious of all. When the Treaty of Versailles was signed, the purchasing power of Central Europe was obliterated. Germany shrugged her shoulders. Perhaps she was shrewder than the rest."

Such, in short, is what our Martian would say.

Britain then is left with extremely complicated problems. These are the legacy of former activities. They have been accumulated without having been sought. The Labour Party has the same attitude towards many of them as the American Government towards entangling alliances. This party did most of the fighting, and, like the rest of the country, is sick of war.

Add to all this another menacing truth: a very great number of otherwise intelligent Britishers lull themselves to a sense of security by reflecting that the country has pulled through the last thousand years and should be good for a few hundred more. They do not see that the most keen competition of all will come from countries whose efforts will not be modified by any reflections concerning their historical maternity. This mental lethargy is a serious matter. They are loath to admit that the world is dominated by new conditions which have no parallel in history. To Britain one shining fact is clear. No settlement of world problems can be efficacious without the support of unexhausted America. The past cannot be undone, and unless the future has something better in store we revert to still greater chaos. And while Britain is fully conscious of what the weight of America can effect, she also realises something of her internal problems.

The nations, emptied from the melting pot of war, presented the nature of a flux. In the subsequent period of cooling, this flux has begun to crystallise into its original constituents. Nationalities, once welded in the heat of conflict, now draw apart and assume characteristics which lack their former homogeneity, and reveal the imprint of birth, tradition, and heredity. There is not any more a common purpose. Old rivalries reassert themselves.

The eyes of Britain, following her gold lying useless in bank vaults across the Atlantic, see America her late

gigantic ally—now become her gigantic creditor. She sees a hundred million people, complex in nationality, half of whom are in that favoured land because it is the land of promise; who brought with them their language, their traditions, and their creeds. They are scattered over three and a half million square miles. The mechanic of New England, the miner of Arizona, the rancher of Texas, the lumberman of Oregon, the fruit-grower of California—these men unite in one thing, pride of their mutual possession. They are safe—inconceivably safe—to a degree not understandable in Europe. They are served by applied science as nowhere else on this globe. They travel three thousand miles, and cross no soil but their own. They hold practically no bills receivable against the outer world, except those endorsed by Britain. They can live riotously when the rest of the world goes short. Their resources, developed and undeveloped, are prodigious.

The American who is foreign born—or descended from foreign born parents—has, with the exception of the Italian, no hankering for the troubled principalities of Europe. He is well out of them. He is done with them. The skies are clear in the West. He is a citizen of the richest country in the world.

Nothing but the highest motives can persuade such a man to take an active and responsible interest in international affairs. Britain knows this, and is anxious that America should realise that she knows it. It is probably impossible for America to comprehend with what a long breath of hope and relief Britain received the message of the President. Yet that is so. It meant the readiness to assume a share of the white man's burden. It is more momentous than the war itself. It is the constructive finale to a prelude that was necessarily destructive, and all sane people must fain look to the Washington Conference as the beginnings of concord and Anglo-Saxon understanding in the interests of a common civilisation.

Why, then, do we believe that America can lead the world to better days? One great outstanding fact is that she asked nothing for her work in France, and thereby achieved a moral significance that in its character stands alone, though this fact is not sufficiently realised here. If it is objected that she alone could afford to serve civilisa-

tion gratis, it may be answered—indeed, it is being answered—that we who sought compensation are the worse for it. America's altruism wears now the cloak of economic wisdom. Were she debating to-day whether or not to continue to demand reparation, she would have no moral ascendancy wherewith to back her claim. Then, again, she is secure in a way no European nation is. Britain recognises that no qualms for the future animate her present purpose, but that she sees the opportunity to steer the battered squadrons of humanity into safer and saner waters.

We perceive that the reduction of armaments proposal by the United States is, apart from the sweeping character of its terms, notable in many ways. It is the historic pronouncement of a new diplomacy. In its breadth, sincerity, and swift arrival at the heart of things, it overleaps the crusted methods of the past. It says to a nation possessed of a remarkable appetite for great mechanical achievements that this appetite must be gratified through the agencies of peace and not by the construction of engines of war. The proposal reveals a supreme confidence in the political security of the present Government, and a profound insight into the temperament of the American people. It is the psychological forerunner of those other questions of foreign relationship that must now follow.

This Conference, so different from Versailles, must not fail. Too much is at stake; the issue is too grave. Britain is proud that her blood flows in the veins of the greatest of the peacemakers. To America she turns, worn with wars, cleaving still to the beliefs that are of her soul, and finding those beliefs potent across the seas. The cycle of time has reached an hour mysteriously auspicious.

And to America we would say this. To justify and crown her entry into the war it is necessary to lift her national mind above the question of Oriental markets. To alleviate the tragedy of Europe involves more than the first steps of international statesmanship. The political and economic potency of America is such that it must bring either distress or unction to the wounds of the world. It cannot leave them unaffected. In this great task of reconstruction Britain is ready to work hand in hand. There is history to guide us, no small part of which we have written together.

Wat Tyler and the Phœnix

By S. O.

It is a long, long way to the "Old Vic," and on a cold November night great gales blow chill comfort into the intellectual auditorium, but people assemble there cheerfully enough, for assuredly the fare is good and the acting is a school and plays that are plays are given a sporting art chance. And *Wat Tyler*, by Halcott Glover, abundantly justified the brave management. It was a success. The play played itself. We have a new dramatist.

Mr. Glover deliberately set himself a difficult task, because clearly his object was not melodrama or propaganda, but philosophy, and in the clash of two characters primordially contradictory the hiatus was at once the theme and the tragedy. A hiatus is a dangerous dramatic *motif*. It implies talk at the expense of action, situation, and illusion. It tests the players to their marrow-bones. It demands something like genius in the author.

Ibsen had this faculty, Mr. Glover has not yet acquired it, and so the second act seemed rather long. And yet the second act was perhaps the most interesting. Here we have John Ball, seer, visionary, idealist, with a twenty minutes' soliloquy in a prison, and here we sense the philosophy of the play, which is the eternal negation between reason and action. Only an artist could have played that scene. Mr. Ernest Milton played it with fine temperament and sensibility.

Wat Tyler is a homespun hero, the plain blunt man of his time. He is the hammer of the rising, the fighter, the leader—John Ball is the rainbow and probably the chap that the Scotland Yard of that day would have watched the more closely. He it is who fires Wat Tyler with ulterior ambitions. He it is who turns the peaceful march of the peasantry to the King into rebellion. He it is who refuses the assistance of knighthood just as Socialists to-day refuse the intellectuals. And then human nature asserts itself.

On London Bridge the fun begins, drink does the rest. The drunken orgy is a splendid scene, and Wat is as drunk as a lord. John Ball rebels against such a rebellion. This is not the " new " England he dreamed of. These sotted churls and lewd women are no part of his army. From the preacher he becomes accuser. He sees only the degradation of this rabble. He is overcome with loathing and turns away to the South—followed by all the waverers and weak-hearted. The end is foredoomed. The march turns into a forlorn hope. Wat Tyler is struck down. As the curtain falls, Jack Straw is holding London Bridge awaiting certain death.

Only Hodge survives, just as in modern Russia probably only the moujik with his plough will emerge from Lenin's economic experiment, and it redounds preeminently to Mr. Glover's credit that he has been able to bring out the philosophy of his theme with such dramatic result. In places it is prolix. Shakespeare would have shown the fighting; the modern commercial playwright would have given us lurid melodrama on thrill " movie " standards, but Mr. Glover eschews commercialism. His Wat Tyler is a real person conscious of his own limitations, a rough-hewn figure of type. Not a part for Douglas Fairbanks. No draw for harlequinades *à la* Oscar Asche —a man of destiny.

And so the rebellion collapsed just where reason ends and action begins. As a play it is an admirable modern treatise, wholesome and salubrious. Socialist, Anarchist, Bolshevist, and Syndicalist may see it to advantage, and so may any policeman. The West End need not be afraid. All through, it is a spirited performance, atmospheric and attuned to the central thought which gives it distinction and balance. A sincere intellectual effort, the play must be acclaimed as a welcome sign of dramatic revival furnishing bright indications of the rise of a playwright who, with a little more stage experience, should bring lustre to the English theatre.

To pass from Mr. Glover with his modern psychology to *The Maid's Tragedie* of Beaumont and Fletcher at the Phœnix, where also a school of acting is developing, is an entertaining reflection in comparative values. The Elizabethans had not read Freud. To them, men and

women were types, and so the critic can let loose on the score of artificiality. It is the women who fail, as with Shakespeare. They are either seraphs or wantons, and honour is the principal theme of man or wench, which to-day makes these lusty people seem somewhat tiresome, and indeed they behave pretty generally like schoolboys on their best behaviour.

Thus the King *qua* King expects every wench to be his, should he desire her—question of honour. Amintor, wedded to Evadne as a regal cover, thereby raves like one demented, for he thus is a cuckold, and his ire betrays itself to Evadne's brother: who likewise raves because *his* honour is impaired. This leads to murder. But goodness was in those days reckoned inseparable from womanhood, and so Evadne repents, reforms, and recants, and by way of demonstration murders the King in bed. But this, of course, is awful. Wholesale slaughter is inevitable, including the slaying of poor Aspasia, who loved Amintor so tenderly. It ends, like *Hamlet*, with a stage strewn with victims. Honour wins. It makes us moderns sit up.

All the same this is jolly good stuff clad in fine verse which is as good as we to-day find its psychology bad. Probably Elizabethans were like that. For honour a man drew his sword at the slightest provocation. A man was thus a fighter or a poltroon, just as women were chattels or whores. Bed was the perennial joke with the equivocations accordingly. Yet it is splendid to see the value of friendship emphasised in these plays. Men were infinitely dear to one another in those times, no doubt because life was comparatively cheap. And woman was the accomplice. When she failed, her mankind had to fight. This was the price of chivalry. To-day, Amintor cuts rather a sorry figure with his manly wrath, but then *Heartbreak House* was not written and love was still a grand passion. "Let us be sad," says Aspasia to the waiting-women, and so sad was she that finally, dressed up like a "buck," she taunts Amintor into a duel, to die very prettily in troth of her virginity in his arms.

We look on these wooden people with curiosity. It is difficult to take Evadne seriously, so sudden is her conversion, so sadic is her purging knife. As for the brother, he is just a schoolboy utterly unsuited to the modern

drawing-room, and Amintor obviously has no sense of humour. Perhaps that is the difference between them and us. We laugh, they acted. They have friends, honour, standards, vows; we have acquaintances, explanations, careers, dividends. They honoured, we buy. They believed, we don't. They smote, we smoke. They trusted, we get an option. They loved, we accommodate. They had a God, we haven't. They had Shakespeare, we have Bernard Shaw.

Wat Tyler ranks thus above Beaumont and Fletcher as drama. His people speak from within, the Elizabethans speak from their apparel. Ibsen and Strindberg knocked the bottom out of the cape and dagger stage, which to-day, even when admirably performed, is a wax-works show. As between men who are all gallants or knaves and women who are either strumpets or Desdemonas the theatre is a wooden instrument redeemable only by poetry. And here the Elizabethans possess the floor. The tragedy of the Maid is too conventional as a story to move or horrify us, indeed our sympathies rather go forth to the King who looked too bully fine to be slain by a maid in a fume. But that, of course, is nasty modern cynicism. On the other hand, the poetry of the thing holds and delights. And so, while carping at the play, we are spellbound with its words and spirit, and in spite of our modernism we thrill to the players and to the Elizabethans, even as the ribaldry reminds us, not unhealthily, that at least hypocrisy was not a polite virtue.

Ireland and the League of Nations

By Austin Harrison

THINGS are once more moving in fitful precipitancy towards another of those chronic crises which have marked Europe's decline since peace was signed at Versailles to continue war. The epicycle has become a cycle. Across and above the wreckage of politicians only one figure looms intelligently in control of the flow and destinies of the time, and he the sole survivor of the Peace, Mr. Lloyd George: who, having completed the circle, is to-day the manifest leader of Liberalism in this country. Such is the parody of politics. The Liberal Party as such is defunct. Labour, having refused intelligence or bourgeois co-operation, is caught in the wheels of the economics it sought to conjure up and is to-day derelict. The Tories possess only a newspaper. One man emerges, constant through his very inconstancy, leader by virtue of the havoc wrought among his whilom party and the expectant party of his allegiance, framer and dissolver of the Coalition, dictator of England, master of Europe, the white hope of Japan.

* * * * * *

One searches for an explanation of this paradox in vain, for naught that the Premier has said has come true and nothing that he promised has been done. Quite the reverse. His very unveracities are to-day his stays. The very deficiencies of his accomplishment for peace are now his strongholds. His enemies are perforce his friends, his accomplices his traducers. He has broken Liberalism, split Conservatism, demoralised Labour to be captain of all three elements and, strangely enough, of their souls while he, like German credit, resides without, as the frame and fabric crumbles into default. And yet the reason is not far to seek. Himself, he has become a symbol, like Kitchener or Gladstone, of things that men severally and jointly

aspire to, and as such he is the flotation of the world's unrealities. Abominably clever. Uncanny, intolerable. All this no doubt. But the symbol of the age is unreality. We breathe it in. We respect it. We almost need it, so strange is the truth, so remote its application, so inapt does its very understanding seem to be. In this turmoil and flux of semblance the symbol is the evening star of our imaginings. Words we have come to disregard, visions to discard. A little comfort, a hope of peace, a remainder of life—that is all that the moderate man expects and is prepared to fight for. How he is to get these things is immaterial. He cannot cope with the unrealities around him, he is too scared with reality. He has come through, and it suffices. "Carry on" is the watchword, no matter how, or why, or whither. Let the extremes bang one another, and so in the slow process of "falling out" the symbol of it all, the most pertinacious impersonator of concord and discord, survives the conflict, ascends with the general declension, presides and predominates to the bewilderment of all and sundry who supported and opposed him.

* * * * * *

The world lies at Mr. Lloyd George's feet. Over Ireland he holds in his hands the compass of Empire, of our overseas association, of our New World relationship. From this step to Washington is but a sequence of indissociable responsibility, which to fail in is to forfeit the whole. It will be his crowning test of statesmanship. The forces against him there are unreal because they are the unreal survivals of obsolete conventions, whether secular or political. In reality no man cares. Only the unreal cling to their prepossessions of creed and tradition, for the problem of Ireland is to-day not Ireland, the island, what is to be its government or which crucifix; at stake is the spirit, the future gravitation, of the British Empire as a concrete and constructive civilisation. We have come to a test point in our history and the issue is integration. Can we integrate? Can we rise above the blood feuds of the past? Can we lay the foundation of a true League of Nations by referring Ireland to an instance above force or national partisanship? When we talk of disarmament, of the "Unknown Soldier," of settling this wrong or right-

ing that, we speak in vain unless we approach these issues sacrificially, in response to a philosophy of policy which thereby may become international. We saw the unreal side of the League of Nations the other day over Silesia. A few diplomatic nominees, bound to a Treaty of force unexampled in history, dispensed justice like a police magistrate. To such a body the world cannot look for philosophy. Yet philosophy is the only instrument capable of lifting politics, which is the weapon and justification of force, into any dispensation of world justice and contentment, and until such a League is founded by sacrifice and example it can only be a Foreign Office Assembly, a second-class Supreme Council, a minor tyranny in the interests of the major control. As it is to-day. But were England to refer Ireland to the League the new spirit would be born, the supreme attestation made. Republican Brotherhoods, Ulster bigots, white and coloured peoples would see in such an act a new spirit and sense a new determination, and in their own despite they would be confounded. Were the Japanese, for example, to be summoned to give a League of Nations' finding upon Ireland, the Conference at Washington would assume philosophic dimensions, would acquire an epochal responsibility. Why cannot this simple thing be? Is it that man in his agony is not sincere enough to rise above the purport and misery of war? Is it that the dead bury their dead and that the living are afraid of life? Have we learnt nothing? Not much, as yet. But the unrealities of our postures are leading back to realities, to the old deadlocks, to the old solutions, and so at this hour it looks as if Ireland will not be solved, and that Washington will not lay the white stone of harmony either in the East or in the West.

* * * * * *

We say indulgently: "Give it a chance." Of course. Yet what is the chance? Disarmament! To stop the building of vastly expensive battleships is only military economy, for the sailors themselves doubt their utility, and economy is a world necessity. The real question is China —markets, this financial point that only £2 of foreign goods are bought by Chinamen, whereas imperial industrialism reckons that £10 per man would be a beneficial figure. And so China is the Africa of Armageddon.

More than Chinese philosophy is required at Washington if peace is to be obtained through policy or formula or the mere regulation of shipbuilding—with reservations. With "real politics" we return to force. Will France disarm? Will the Japanese obey an injunction? There is no alternative. We either continue to fight and covet by patriotism or force, or we rise to a world philosophy and system of morality based on just and adjustable distribution of needs and civilisations, whether through fear or by pressure it matters not. That is the point we are reaching, and Washington for the nonce will settle it. As we survey the chaos, inequities, and dislocations of Europe dominated by France more militant and exultant than at any period since Louis XIV, armed to the teeth to hold down, strangle, and dismember the major part, the talk of disarmament must needs appear a strange commentary on the ceremonies of our protestations of peace, and indeed the answer to Washington. To clang a Chinese gong in echo will not obscure the black page written across Europe or in the least mitigate its consequences now growing more and more pertinent to the wrong-doers. For the white man's world is one, as trade is one and credit is one and justice is one. To remove the venue of war to the East merely accentuates the world's inaptitude to serve a common purpose and will but precipitate the inevitable cataclysm. It is politics, force. In that case we shall have won to nothing, only the vanquished in the Great War will have been wrong for not winning.

* * * * * *

Ireland and Japan thus hold the world's fate in pawn. Our equation in world politics lies over the body of Ireland, and if world philosophy is not used, if the solution of Ireland is to depend solely upon the prestidigitations of politics and politicians, then assuredly no new attitude will be born and in storm and stress we shall atone. For the truth is, there is no peace and no likelihood of peace until mankind is willing to fight the god war, as a philosophy or international culture. The brave are ready, but the world is not yet—to the brave any more than it is to the thinkers and priests of life. Systems control, and machinations control the systems. The modern King is the financier and his world is himself. To him we bow.

At his command Governments flinch and obey. With his call upon gold, he moves the armies and navies of the world, as on a chess-board, and at his service stand the emblems of a past age toying with the catchwords of chivalry. But he, too, is an unreality. Even as the capitalist producer is to-day his servitor, so the financier plays with a broken mechanism reflected in the world's paper currencies, and credit is a financial jugglery. This is still non-apparent to the multitude, for traditions die slowly and man is not an imaginative being. We see that in France sitting astride the carcase of Europe, conscripting the blacks of Africa and even the Mandate territories, like some old king of yore counting her wealth in armies. But within, France is a decaying limb, technically bankrupt, living on a dead man's expectations, who himself is actually bankrupt. We do not laugh, we do not even mind. One unreality the more makes so little difference. Similarly with all Europe. Only Russia has positively emptied her basket, marooned and stagnant with her own surfeit. And we do not care much about that either. It is every man for himself to-day. Save what one can. Drink and be merry, and the Devil take the hindmost.

* * * * * *

To get out of this madness of waste, this delirium of incense to false gods and values, the world requires a philosophy born of a great sacrificial act. The essential beginning is peace. And this should be our particular initiative. To expect America to write off Europe's £3,000,000,000 debt; to wait for America to underwrite the wrongs inflicted upon the living in Europe; to hope for succour in more war, this is no creed. We still hold the balance. We still rule the seas. We still can inspire. The symbol of our inspiration is Ireland. There we can move into a world philosophy. There we can evoke a world response. There alone we can fuse and transfuse a whole civilisation into a common crucible. The League of Nations means nothing unless conceived by sacrifice. Already we sneer and scoff, it is part of the passing show. To make it real, to force it upon the world, to create a live and responsive tribunal, some Great Power must attest, must show readiness to transform mere policy into philosophy and so build the foundations. Will America?

If not, we can. We have in Ireland a case pre-eminently for world arbitration. Do this, and at once a true League will appear, a new philosophy of reason, a world comprehension. It would not be a League of nominees, we should take care of that. The act would suffice in itself. Across the globe mankind would repeat the message and the work of peace would have begun. What we did others would do. The movement would be centripetal, cumulative, intelligent. Responsibility would fall from the shoulders of governments. The "dead warrior" would signify to the living, the living would retrieve the dead. Instantaneously a new world would emerge with triumphant challenge wonderful in its intensity, fearful in courage and sincerity, for the first time unafraid. Unafraid of life. What a revolution there would be! And we are ready for such a change. The prospect of scientific war is too cheerless to be attractive, for in truth it is the end of man's nobility. Some change there will have to be. Some means must be found to prevent the necessity of war or civilisation will perish of its own laboratories. This we can all dimly appreciate. In politics there is no hope. In power there is no way out, in punishment and retribution there is even less. What then? Are we to chance it? Are we through fear of fear to let things rip? If so, then we fought the war in vain. If not, definite, fearless action must be taken.

* * * * * *

Japan is not likely to yield her strategic advantage in the Far East for clamour, but if Japanese were asked to adjudicate seriously and philosophically upon the age-long wrongs of Ireland, she too would enter the community of nations as liberator. To-day, to yield is political cowardice. To think is reckoned foolish. We are taught that honour is the religion of possession and possession is the prize of man. We still regard Ireland as a possession. But the Irish want to possess themselves, and so the only course is force. For centuries we have tried it, for centuries the Irish have resisted until to-day only the shell of a people remains in the island, and the issue lies in the New World. To return at this juncture to extermination politics would surely be moral bankruptcy, and prodigiously stupid, almost too stupid to be realisable. Thus

an impasse is reached. The complex of Ireland was creed —it is now democratically national. Yet that is our opportunity. To make the Irish a contented part of our civilisation is worth while. If then agreement is not possible through politicians, it can be come to through the philosophy of a world arbitrament, for to oppose such a judgment would bring down moral ostracism. Ireland is thus the key to any real League of Nations. All Irish factions would perforce accept and we would be rid of a standing shame. And this is certain. From Ireland the world would move to the redress of other wrongs. The League would become the central tribunal of appeal, and all would be of the League. We can set up this machinery over Ireland. We can light such a candle in the world as will never go out. We perhaps alone of the nations have the historical pride, the courage, the moral principle to give the measure of a new order.

* * * * * *

There will be no peace in Europe without such a forum of justice, for Europe as remapped is designed for war, and even the peace is an economic war destined to lead to complete breakdown financially and politically. We are nearing realities again. When Germany presently defaults three things will happen. The French will seize the occasion to occupy the Rhine according to plan; or chaos will intervene in Central Europe, with what results to the whole no man can foretell; or we may end the dreary farce of political finance and place the Reparations question upon a financially sensible basis. The chances for anything sensible happening over Reparations seem remote enough. Does any sane man expect that if France seizes the Rhine any German Reparations will be obtainable? Or any peace possible? Merely to turn Europe into a punitive settlement with France as gaoler is not going to improve mankind, or restore confidence, or lead to any human manifestation save hate and the desire for revenge and eventually war, yet this is the position to-day, and, as we see, Europe is declining into mediæval military isolations, while here the incidence is unemployment. Nothing has been settled. Finance is a madhouse. Trade is languishing. All Europe is going bankrupt and shortly the French franc will begin to crack in sympathetic reaction. Abso-

lutely this Europe of Versailles cannot endure. It is an economic absurdity, a moral sore, a monstrous travesty of peace. And now Nemesis is upon us. We cannot wriggle out. See for a moment our position. Our national wealth is £15,000,000,000; we have £8,000,000,000 dead-weight debt. Is there light in that arithmetic? We talk of reducing taxes. How? We cry "Get back to gold." There is no gold. It is locked up in the Federal Banks' vaults of America, just dead-weight stuff, idle, useless. Was there anything funnier than this epitaph of the gold standard? Meanwhile the banks grow rich. They alone can build extensions. Finance sucks up the interest of the producers' wages and capital and plots more war, more centralisation of credit and usury, more trustifications of banks, governments, and production, and like demons we all fight one another for a mechanism of which the bottom is ripped out. They talk of a little inflation; it is Christmas talk, in order to sell out. We repeat the debts must be written off, but we haven't begun to pay interest on them yet; they, too, are unrealities, book-entries which the banks and financiers hope to turn into profitable discounts. The whole business is a gigantic fraud, political and financial. But the end is nearing. If Germany were to declare bankruptcy and call in the receivers, that would be the shortest way to sanity, for then our debts would become painfully real and our Budgets a nation's misery. If Washington turns out to be but the prelude to a naval war of newspapers between America and Japan, we shall come down to realities here with a sickening bump somewhat sooner than necessary. And that, behind the veil, is the expectation.

* * * * * *

It is almost time some of us thrust through the fog of unveracities, frauds, and cynicisms which bar all release, which threaten to extinguish the liberties and sanity of England, which will, if we are not quick and resolute, destroy our Empire. We return to Mr. Lloyd George. He is to-day sensible of his delinquencies and omissions. He knows that Ireland is the key of our salvation and that peace in Europe is essential. He is to-day the leader of Liberal thought in Britain. If Ulster refuses agreement his course should be clear. He should refer Ireland to the League of Nations and proceed straight to Washington.

Sooner or later we shall be driven to this, for no Government to-day possesses any moral significance and force is their accepted appeal. Even the Entente is a fiction. France makes secret treaties with our late enemies and bids us defiance. Mr. Lloyd George suffers another indignity in his pet scheme with M. Venizelos. It does not matter, for all those political boundary questions are quite irrelevant until we know exactly how much of Europe is going bankrupt and whether we had better not go bankrupt ourselves. The question for Europe remains—peace or war. Under the present system war is biologically inevitable and justifiable. If we want peace we must fight for a philosophy of peace. We can do that with a true League of Nations and we can make that true League by submitting Ireland to its adjudication now and in the sight of all men. Mr. Lloyd George could then go to Washington and receive the freemanship of the New World; which done, he might even redress the balance of the Old.

The Reparations Nonsense

By Austin Harrison

WHEN at the beginning of the year the Supreme Council sat in London and solemnly imposed the gigantic Reparations figure of £6,500,000,000 upon Germany in addition to 25 per cent. of her exports plus a 33 per cent. barrier here to keep them out, financial nonsense was written across the map of Europe. But this was not apparent to the majority, to whom, as the result of war finance, money seemed to emanate from some Aladdin's cave of credit-issue. Then the fun began, with what results we in this country are to-day painfully experiencing. As soon as the Germans realised that politics or war surexcitation was still too strong to permit of economic sanity, they took a decision which, in a phrase, may be described as voluntary or financial self-combustion. That is to say they grasped what the victors had not grasped—the flexibility of the world's mechanism expressed in the exchanges or measurement of money value, and, seeing the opportunity, they set to work on commodity value.

And then a queer thing happened. The world believed in German recovery and the world gambled. Mr. Maynard Keynes estimates that over £200,000,000 has been invested in marks, the effect of this investment staying Germany's decline, for this immense foreign purchase of German stocks, shares, marks, and real estate provided German industry with the means to get going and incidentally to pay Reparations—speculators ought to claim this money from the Government—which the French foolishly insisted were to be paid in gold marks. It was a horrid blunder. For this means that marks must be exchanged for foreign currencies, *i.e.*, that foreigners had to accept marks or there could be no gold mark payments.

As all now know, German industry recovered, we slumped. They captured the orders, we were undercut all the time. The speculation in marks set up a speculative

exchange which clearly has little real relation to gold as against note issue and is in fact largely political. And so the ramp went on. When the date of Reparations drew near, the Germans printed notes to exchange for foreign currencies: this knocked the mark further down, and so when Germany lost Silesia panic seized upon most holders, speculators, and investors, who sold out at what price they could obtain. Now we are nearing bottom. Investors are afraid, speculators are "off," foreign banks refuse to take the mark at 1,100, consequently the end of the farce is approaching and in a month or so Germany will have to default.

To allege that Germany has deliberately sought bankruptcy is political claptrap. What she has done is to use the only method open, the exchange, in order to keep her factories going and prevent unemployment. In other words, she has played the silly game correctly as ordained by the ludicrous politicians who thought they were doing a clever thing in insisting upon gold mark payments. Owing to the remarkable fluctuations of the mark, German banks have to keep their reserves in foreign currencies, and so, of course, do traders, the result being that Europe and America hold German paper, whereas Germans hold, outside Germany, foreign currencies; hence the "flight" from the mark, which, now that the absurdity of the position is common knowledge, causes all holders to cut their losses.

In THE ENGLISH REVIEW we pointed out last March the manifest unreality of the position, and suggested that two main points should be insisted upon. These were: (1) that Germany should assume responsibility for putting her national finances into better order, indicating what steps she proposed to take towards that end; (2) that the Reparations Commission, set up *ad hoc*, must accept sole responsibility for the *transfer of value* which payment by Germany in the terms of the indemnity requires.

The Germans undoubtedly made a great mistake in failing to grasp this root point which is the crux of the indemnity problem; they preferred a demonstration. What they ought to have done was to call upon the Reparations Commission to send in their receivers and show Germany how gold mark payments were to be effected without print-

ing paper money and so depreciating the exchange and incurring bankruptcy. But the Germans have no Talleyrand. No doubt national pride was too strong. Anyhow, they missed the chance of reducing unrealities to realities, or playing the "honest broker," with the consequences now visible—our slump, unemployment, and stagnation, offset by Germany's industrial prosperity based upon national bankruptcy. The whole thing was from the start financial nonsense, known to every banker. It has taken a year to show it up, and now we are faced with the double problem of Germany's impending default and our actual decay with the added complex of France's probable political action in the event of foreign bankers refusing to buy German marks in payment of the indemnity.

The absurdity of the thing can be seen at a glance when we consider that Germany has duly printed the Bonds A, B, and C and politely handed them over, but—no "bloomer" will touch them. Thus the £6,500,000,000 is all there, nicely printed, correctly stamped, looking magnificent enough, but when it comes to transfer of value they are not worth two dollars. This, because politicians refuse to think. They gamble. To-day their bonds are worthless—America won't cash them, we won't cash them. France may balance her secondary Budget with these paper book entries, but they are "dud" entries, and so once more we are coming to a crisis and another conference with German marks probably nearing 2,000 to the £ as the argument.

This time there is reason to believe that we, at any rate, will refuse to talk gold nonsense because our Budget won't balance and next year's Budget looks unpleasantly ruinous and people are beginning to demand lower taxation, which indeed is necessary for industry and capital enterprise. It would be ungracious on our part to blame Germany for letting her exchange rip, because it was her only way out unless she had taken the problem by the horns, as suggested last March in these pages, and placed herself in Allied receivership: which step she will shortly be compelled to take the moment marks cannot be exchanged for parity currencies in effect of payment. Also we now know —*The Times* points this much out—that indemnities on any large scale must be paid in commodities supple-

mentary and complementary—an important progress in elementary political economy. For knowing this truth, we are now advancing it in respect to America, who as creditor hopes to recover some of her £3,000,000,000 indemnities. What holds good in the case of America holds good also of Germany. The gold marks payments mean the printing-press, nothing more. And once we get that simple fact into the national mind we can begin to think constructively, that is, how to get commodities out of Germany which shall not hurt our own industries but only supplement them.

Probably we could take £20,000,000 annually of such goods, not more, or they would harm us. But this is definite progress, and once agreed upon we can move to the next Reparations Conference with some hope of ending the miserable fiasco of paper bonds which are "duds" or punitive insigniæ.

France saw this some months ago and so made a separate arrangement with Germany, known as the Loucheur-Rathenau agreement, which is quite sensible; and that should be our clue. It is the only way. To continue the farce merely means German insolvency, which would make bankrupt the major part of the banks of Europe and would "slump" the French franc, likewise injuring us for a decade. Even politicians can hardly be so futile as to continue that nonsense. And so we may hope that Mr. Lloyd George's advisers will be strong enough to insist upon his recognising the truth that if we want money out of Germany her credit must be made real and her mark given a real purchasing power, but that if we want goods, then it is time to write off the gold marks futility and get down to real business. To saddle Germany with the responsibility of overcoming the technical difficulties of buying foreign currencies at a gold parity with her own currency worth nothing is just stupidity, for the onus of procuring payments rests not, as surmised, upon German political good-will, but on transfer of value, which it is to our interests specifically to negotiate. Obviously, then, the matter lies with the Reparations Commission, and the sooner Germany appeals to that Commission and goes into voluntary liquidation the better it will be for all Europe.

Now the only practical way is participation in German prosperity, *i.e.*, exports. All countries credited with

Reparation dues should furnish a list of what and how much each could receive without harm, and the whole gold marks payment must be scrapped. Perhaps £100,000,000 a year in goods might be so received. The gold marks payment business is just political eyewash, unless we are prepared to go in and run Germany financially, fix her mark, impose and collect taxes, and participate in all profits individually and collectively—which obviously cannot be done. To pay, Germany must have credit. As it is, she is rapidly nearing the point when credit will be refused her, even internally, as in Poland and Austria, and when the flight from the mark becomes the refusal of the mark the bottom of the futility is out. That is the position. The only question is: Shall Germany go *de facto* bankrupt, or shall we face the problem of transfer of value and take our due payments in commodities?

People interested should read the article published in this REVIEW, March, 1921, wherein the problem was examined more scientifically than anywhere else in this country, for to-day every word of it is the exact demonstrated truth. Neutrals are absolutely involved in the problem, indeed their solvency depends upon its solution. For the Reparations Commission to ignore the co-operative capacity and assent of neutrals and America denotes either stupidity or futility, nor can to-day the position be regularised without international action, the basis of which, seeing that credit demands surety and there can be no security in Germany minus credit and purchasing power, must be (1) the elimination of paper payments, so-called gold marks indemnities; (2) the acceptance of responsibility of the Reparations Commission for the financial stability of the Power which has to provide the necessary surplus to pay the Allies in kind.

For the same thing will happen over commodities unless Germany is given credit power, for exports imply imports, and now Germany has lost the Silesian coal her buying power is greatly diminished. So far, Germany has bought foreign credit with the money of the speculators, but this tap has run out, and the mark at 1,100 is a poor buyer. She is no longer a credit customer. Thus the great joke of the mark is to-day seen to be that sellers of foreign credit refuse the German shrunken credit, thereby themselves

bringing to pass Germany's default, not because of bad will on the part of Germany, but because economics are not politics and bankers are a careful breed. It is we, not the Germans, who have exposed the futility of gold marks payments, the fact that speculators are fed up with an exchange which moves downwards instead of upwards; in other words, Germany will no longer be able to buy foreign credit, thus she will no longer be able to buy raw, and she will slump as we have slumped, until the receivers go in to see what extraordinarily foolish men they have been in permitting German credit to decline while at the same time forcing Germany at the bayonet's point to inflate herself into limbo.

There never was such a financial "foozle," and certainly historians will fasten on the great mark ramp as one of the strangest aberrations ever recorded in political history. But we at least are getting sick of it. The tens of thousands of ex-soldiers walking London streets are its living victims, and all over the country idle factories tell the recording tale of the politicians' criminal folly. It has almost ruined England, and if it continues we shall either have to send two millions out of Britain or keep them alive with doles. For all Europe is involved; all European credit, all currencies, all purchasing power. It is the direct result of our subservience to French militarism, and the time has come now to cry halt.

We cannot enforce indemnity co-operation upon neutrals, *ergo* the Reparation bonds are worthless: that is the point. We return to commodities. There we can effect a transfer of value, which may be beneficial. All other talk is nonsense, and were the public not so politically apathetic, so sick and weary of propaganda, lies, futilities, and dope, we should long since have said to France: "Look here, we cannot afford to be ruined because your folk don't want to know the truth. *Assez.* Let us talk financial sense. Let us get real indemnities or chuck it."

The proper course for Germany is to call in the receivers and smile. They will duly report and they will say gold mark indemnities are a myth.

As a fact, the entire problem turns on German credit, German financial reconstruction, exchange value. Her printing-press must be stopped, her finances put in order,

her capacity to pay sensibly valued, her burden rendered reasonable. Otherwise, only more chaos and growing decline here. Unless politicians really desire to ruin Europe, this must shortly now be done. The Reparations Commission must be given the responsibility for effecting transfer of value, and if France, aiming rather at the Rhine than at realities, refuses, then we and America should take the matter up, like business men, and do what France has already done, break the fantastic Treaty of revenge and in its place substitute a Treaty of peace in accordance with our traditions and civilisation, and so put an end to a financial bubble which not only makes us ridiculous before the eyes of the world, but actually is reducing England to a land of unemployment, while every factory in Germany works overtime creating real wealth which goes in the purchase of our and others' currencies, and stifles our export trade.

Of course, with a loan Germany can pay the January instalment; also we could, robberwise, seize German industrial outside wealth, expropriate Stinnes and Co., which might total £35,000,000. What then? Germany would be milked dry, that is all. We should have crippled Germany financially and economically. Parisian newspapers might rejoice, but the consequence would be quickly seen in France's growing bankruptcy, for then her secondary Budget would be of no higher value than the mark.

The price of it so far is two million unemployed here. If our Ludendorff finance is not examined at Washington and stopped, Germany, when she has written off her debts and gone bankrupt, will economically have won the peace, for when reconstruction comes she will be ready while we are chasing a gold parity on debts and book entries which mean crushing taxation for generations.

Music and Morality

By R. W. S. Mendl

CONSIDERATION of the emotional impression of music upon the mind of the listener seems to lead to the conclusion that the saddening effect of a piece of music upon a man is not different in kind from that produced by an experience in real life. In some sense, however transitorily, he is saddened by the music. It may be that his grief is sympathetic; but it does not differ in kind from that which he feels if a friend is in distress. This is the antithesis of the Platonic view. According to Plato, the emotions awakened by a work of art are "imitations" of the real ones aroused by actual experiences. His chief objection to art is its unreality—the actor is condemned, as one who is pretending to be what he is not.

Aristotle tried to vindicate art by his theory of purgation. According to him, art produces real sentiments and not mere copies of them; and if it were objected that for that very reason art was to be condemned, inasmuch as it evoked evil feelings as well as good, and excessive ones as well as moderate, Aristotle had his answer ready. Art was, in his view, a kind of purgative—it provided a safety valve for emotions which otherwise would have a bad effect upon a man if they were left pent up within him.

But Aristotle has not really answered Plato here: for Plato's objection to art is a metaphysical one, while Aristotle defends it on ethical grounds. Yet the Platonic theory is important in considering the relation of music to morality. For if the emotions aroused by music are not real, how is it possible for it to have a moral effect at all? Even Plato, however, admitted the educational value of music. He develops, at some length, a theory of music as a moral education for the young, in the second book of the *Republic*.

The modern attitude towards art is fundamentally different from those of Plato and Aristotle. In our eyes, if music has a moral effect, the latter is not merely educational, nor is it merely purgative. Whatever may be said in support of Aristotle's theory of purgation, we cannot avoid the feeling that his theory is in the nature of an

apology. But if music has an ethical bearing at all, modern thought regards it as exerting a directly ennobling influence upon the mind—uplifting the soul above what we term the lower, or more degraded, pleasures, by presenting to us the higher forms of beauty, attracting our better selves, raising our minds above the temptations of the body.

Similarly it is asserted that some music may have a bad moral effect upon the listeners. Certain dance tunes are declared to be of this description. Other instances taken include airs of the sentimental, mawkish type, the song of the Flower Maidens in Wagner's *Parsifal*, and the "Venusberg music" in *Tannhäuser*.

Another theory is that the artistic excellence of music, and indeed of any art, entirely depends upon the question whether it exerts an evil or a beneficent influence. It appears true that music can have a moral effect upon the hearers. Martial airs may stimulate men to acts of valour, hymns may awaken their religious ardour, and, *per contra*, certain types and pieces of music may arouse the baser passions.

The question is, what is the relation between the artistic excellence of music and its ethical result? Is there any connection between them at all? If so, to what extent does the one depend upon the other? In order to answer these questions, we must first draw an important distinction. When a great master is composing an instrumental work, few people would dispute that he sets before himself a purely artistic ideal. The fact that his composition may have a moral influence upon the listeners by reason of its beauty or the emotions which it arouses in them is, so far as the composer's purpose is concerned, immaterial. He does not set out to be a moral reformer or teacher, although he may be so, incidentally, as well. But in the case, say, of a martial air or a hymn, it would appear that there is a difference. The music itself is here a means to an end—in the one case the end being the bravery or *moral* of the troops, in the other the religious fervour of the congregation. How far does the difference affect the composer? It would seem that his object in writing a march tune is to inspire courage or martial ardour—not just to compose a beautiful piece of music for its own sake. The composer of a hymn seeks deliberately to evoke devotional feeling, and not just to

please his listeners. It may be that an inferior hymn is less likely than a beautiful one to arouse religious feeling, and that a march with a commonplace melody and weak rhythm is not calculated to stimulate men to acts of valour. Still the distinction holds good. The aim of the composer in these cases is not purely artistic. He is writing, as we say, "with a purpose."

Does this apply, then, to all sacred music? Was Bach's aim, in composing the "St. Matthew Passion" or the B minor Mass, principally a moral one? Did he regard the æsthetic beauty of his work as of secondary importance? There is not sufficient evidence to answer this question in Bach's case. It seems probable, however, that he, in common with other composers of religious music, was inspired more by a devotional ideal than by a purely æsthetic one. It has been said by the late Sir George Grove that Beethoven, in his "third period," became a great teacher, instead of being merely a great musician, as he was before. Even if this be true, it is unlikely that Beethoven was conscious of the change. His purpose would appear to have remained purely artistic to the end.

But we are concerned here more with results than with intentions, and we have still left the relation between artistic excellence and moral effect undefined.

On the one hand, it is clearly absurd to pretend that the æsthetic value of a piece of music consists in its ethical bearing. For the former is partly intellectual in its appeal, but this does not apply to the latter. Moreover, an inferior piece of music often achieves a better moral result than an artistically superior composition. Many beautiful pieces have no ethical consequence at all, even with the most appreciative listeners. Music which exerts a bad influence on the character often has great æsthetic worth.

On the other hand, it might be urged that the greater the music is, in the sense of being more beautiful, the more ennobling it is too, and that therefore it must be wrong to draw a sharp line between the two sides.

The truth seems to be that the most beautiful music in the world can have a beneficial moral effect, which may be stronger and better than that produced by less beautiful works. Yet there appears to be no necessary bond between ethical bearing and artistic excellence.

P&O and BRITISH INDIA

Under Contract with His Majesty's Government.

Mail, Passenger & Freight Services.

PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL Sailings:—

From London and Marseilles to Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, Aden and Bombay; to Colombo, Straits, China, Japan and Australasia. From London to Calcutta. *P. & O. and B.I. Tickets interchangeable, also Tickets of P. & O., Orient and New Zealand Shipping Companies.*

BRITISH INDIA Sailings:—

From London (B.A. Dock). To Calcutta, via Suez, Colombo and Madras, with connections: *Red Sea Ports, via Aden; Mauritius and Malabar Coast, via Colombo; Northern Coast Ports, Rangoon, Penang, Malay Ports and Singapore, via Madras; Arracan Ports, Rangoon, Moulmein and Straits, via Calcutta.* To Brisbane, via Colombo and Torres Straits. To Karachi, Bombay and Persian Gulf. To East Africa, via Suez, Port Sudan, Aden, Mombasa and Zanzibar.

For all information apply :—

Passenger Services: P. & O. House, 14-16, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1.
Freight or General: P. & O. or B.I. Offices: 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. 3.
B.I. Agents: GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

Books

BIOGRAPHY.

THE PRIVATE CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. By FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN. John Lane. 18*s.* net.

THIS is a valuable book, because it is an attempt to present the great Queen as a human being, and it offers some new material; also it is stimulating. It breaks away from the hide-bound prejudice which has coloured too many studies of her. One is grateful for the sympathetic analysis of the influences of Elizabeth's early years. We can think to-day of Henry VIII. with amusement. We had forgotten that there was once a terrible moment when his daughter, a child, began to learn what manner of a man he was. Her worldly knowledge would be strange, precocious, tormenting, and, allied with a ruthless system of education, might go far to produce the broken health which has received so much attention from Professor Chamberlin. The weakness of the book is the writer's reliance on doubtful methods of deduction. For instance, his way of testing

the authenticity of a portrait is dangerous, because it leaves no room for human fallibility on the part of the artist. Again, because the author once believed back-door scandal about the Queen he thinks it necessary to refute it, and goes extraordinary lengths to this end. Many of us are willing to think that Elizabeth may indeed have been chaste, in the technical sense, for reasons of her own or for reasons of State—and to leave it at that; England never had cause to distrust the Queen's judgment in public or private matters. To Professor Chamberlin the point is vital and must be proved: a difficult problem. When, if ever, the true biography appears it will depend less for its effect on guess-work from the Royal College of Surgeons. Meanwhile Professor Chamberlin has killed the superstition which some people actually believed that the Queen's Ministers ruled rather than the Queen herself; and we can speculate as to the mystical sixth sense which taught her how to do it. Women should appreciate the book, for it puts one of their number in her proper place, in the company of Cæsar or Napoleon.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

LORDS AND COMMONERS. By SIR HENRY W. LUCY. Fisher Unwin. 18*s.* net.

SIR HENRY LUCY begins by telling us that he was born in 1845. It is a piece of information that suggests gorgeous possibilities, and the first chapter, "My Start in Life," very adequate as an initial fulfilment. We think of the giants he must have seen, the personalities he found towering above the ruck of everyday existence, once his long and honourable career was fairly moving. But alas! here and there in a dozen other volumes the author has already used up his personal reminiscences, and our hopes are miserably dashed when we reach the second chapter and find ourselves up against his usual desultory gossip, his familiar, unambitious attempts at prose-portraiture. The volume, indeed, degenerates with more than Sir Henry's habitual certainty and swiftness into a series of journalistic articles obviously rescued from the magazines. Not that these furnish no entertainment. The chapters on Disraeli and on Gladstone's Midlothian campaign, although they tell us amazingly little about their subjects, may while away for many cigar-smokers an agreeable half-hour—it is in one's favourite arm-chair at the club, with a "lordly" cigar, as Sir Henry calls it (yes, really), that *Lords and Commoners,* with its talk of politics, old newspapers, America, and Fanny Burney, will bring us the least disappointment. Elsewhere one can get little out of it beyond a sigh for the unsupported promise of that charming autobiographical fragment at the beginning.

MISCELLANIES, LITERARY AND HISTORICAL. By LORD ROSEBERY. Two vols. Hodder and Stoughton. 30*s.* net.

IT is pleasant to read Lord Rosebery's speeches in these volumes, gathered together by John Buchan, and perhaps somewhat melancholic. One feels that Lord Rosebery has never fulfilled himself. As writer, his power is unmistakable, his literary sense is sure, his

range of thought is august, and Gibbon is clearly his teacher. Yet from this gifted mind how little has come! Only a few monographs, and now these *opuscula*, which at best are but speeches. But they are fine speeches. They breathe forth balance and perception; they ring true notes; they have the vision and judgment of the statesman. And yet they are but echoes. As politician their author never realised expectations, and since 1914 his voice has hardly been heard, except once in protest against the anti-proprietary tendencies of the age. Reading these fine, resonant speeches, it is difficult to understand the practical side of their author, who in the greatest clash in history could remain silent as if uninterested, as if having nothing to say about his people and country. His is a strange figure. Had he been poor, he would probably have achieved greatness. As it is, one reads these noble utterances wonderingly. The man who thought and spoke like that, endowed with every earthly advantage, has long ceased to count publicly. How? Why? His is a career of singular heights and declensions, of bewildering eclipse.

PASTICHE AND PREJUDICE. By A. B. WALKLEY. William Heinemann. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS volume of essays and opinions by the dramatic critic of the *Times* gives the comparative immortality of octavo boards to his otherwise mutable journalism. As writing they are worthy the honour; they have charm, vivacity, wit, and a power over language which enables Mr. Walkley to work in the delicate medium of the pastiche. The "Aristotelian Fragment," which lays down the law for picture drama, and "Henry James Repudiates 'The Reprobate'" are the best of the pastiche section; while in the portion which contains the prejudices unalloyed there are many essays neatly written and marked with ideas, provocative or palliative, but lacking the idea. We look in vain for principles of drama, a conception of the theatre which would enable Mr. Walkley to shape the judgment of his readers. Every dramatic criticism should contain or imply the æsthetic principle which entitles its writer to express an opinion, and collection in book form should reveal that unity. Its absence makes Mr. Walkley's book one for the drawing-room, not for the study.

PREJUDICES. By H. L. MENCKEN. First and Second Series. Jonathan Cape. 7*s.* 6*d.* each net.

WE welcome this American, this Mencken. He is exactly the kind of man we are needing, an iconoclast, a scoffer at idols, a critic with whips and scorpions who does not hesitate to deal with literary, social, and political humbugs in the one slashing fashion; nor is it a surprise for us to hear that he has already made nearly as many enemies in this country as he has made friends in his own. Mr. Mencken is a critic of life and letters who has gained a unique position in the States: and he has done it in the way that all prominent Americans seem to do, less by any special technical or academic qualification than by sheer force of personality. His publisher has been astute in introducing him to English readers with these two

volumes, his peculiar gift being more roundly shown in the short essay than in any of his dozen other books. Everything he has to say is said very frankly and without any of the customary sitting on the fence. He not only rates Mr. Frank Harris and Mr. Theodore Dreiser very highly, but he actually says so. He treats Mr. Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Bennett, and the late Roosevelt with severity and yet fairly. He has a good deal to say on sex matters, and many will disagree strongly with him here, just as they will disagree with his persistent denunciation of democracy while agreeing with his strictures on so-called democratic States. But we are none the less eager to see what, now that he has been introduced fairly to us, he will do among our particular idols. Certainly he has done a good deal of smashing among those of his own country.

MEMOIRS OF A CLUBMAN. By G. B. BURGIN. Hutchinson. 16*s*. net.

To object to a volume of the type that Mr. Burgin presents to us because it deals mainly with the lesser folk in literature and art is to be supercilious, to misunderstand the whole nature of what are popularly called "memoirs." The merit of a story hardly ever depends on the station or stature of its hero, and that particular example concerning the boy at the *Idler* office when Jerome and Burgin were conducting it is as good as those which Mr. Burgin tells of a lunch with Swinburne or of Coventry Patmore and his scapegrace relative. "If it wasn't for the pretty ladies as comes 'ere," the boy was heard confiding to a boon companion, "I'd chuck it." Indeed the reason for the failure of so many modern collections of reminiscence is that the authors have imagined the introduction of famous names makes up for their paucity of material. Mr. Burgin is all for the material, caring nothing for names. The consequence is that he gives us the raciest and most delightful pages we have had of the kind for many a long day—three hundred of them to draw upon at the hour of walnuts and wine. The folk he deals with are jovial fellows like Jerome K. Jerome, Robert Barr, W. L. Alden (who once said "I have often thought what a blessing it would have been if, when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrim Fathers"), F. W. Robinson, James Payn, and the rest whose atmosphere of beer and corncobs was a pleasant change from that of "mud-Victorianism" and the *Yellow Book*.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE. By J. T. GREIN. Heinemann. 6*s*. net.

"G. B. S.," in one of his delightful introductions, is guilty of an inversion fitted to stand side by side with Longfellow's "footsteps in the sands of time," for he speaks of Mr. Grein as the man who "made the hole in the dyke," whereas it was the brave Dutch boy who stopped the hole in the dyke with his finger and averted disaster. This, of course, is exactly what Mr. Grein has been quite powerless to do—the salt tide has come in, the dyke is down, and our theatrical polders are at the best brackish, with here and there a springing well

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

THE SUPER-VAGABOND AGAIN.

Working North from Patagonia.

By HARRY A. FRANCK, author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World." Illustrated. 25/- net.

The narrative of a Vagabond journey through Southern and Eastern South America.

DEAN LEIGH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Other Days.

By J. W. LEIGH, D.D. (Late Dean of Hereford). With a Preface by Owen Wister, and Illustrations. 18/- net.

Dean Leigh's life has been adventurous and picturesque, and his is a very fascinating autobiography.

THIRD LARGE IMPRESSION.

Portraits of the Nineties.

By E. T. RAYMOND, Author of "Uncensored Celebrities." Illustrated. 15/- net.

"'Portraits of the Nineties' makes a picture of the age out of which our own has grown, and it, no less than its predecessors, is full of good things."—*The Queen.*

SECOND LARGE IMPRESSION.

Queen Alexandra: a Study of Royalty.

By W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE. With an Introduction by Walburga, Lady Paget, and Illustrations. 21/- net.

"Mr. Trowbridge has performed an exceedingly difficult task in a way which is both useful and entertaining."—*The Queen.*

Roumania in Light and Shadow.

By ETHEL GREENING PANTAZZI. Illustrated. 30/- net.

"One of the most interesting books of the period which ends with the war . . . . and it deals with events which would satisfy the most ardent seeker after adventure."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Novissima Verba:

Last Words. By FREDERIC HARRISON 10/6 net.

In this book Mr. Frederic Harrison collects the studies of current events and of new books which he has contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* recently.

Socialism: an Analysis.

By RUDOLF EUCKEN. 9/- net.

This is a philosophical study of the principles of Socialism and their relationship to the social problems of to-day.

Men I Have Painted.

By J. McLURE HAMILTON.

With a Foreword by Mrs. Drew. Illustrated with 44 Portraits in Photogravure. 30/- net.

Mr. McLure Hamilton is well known on both sides of the Atlantic as an artist and reconteur. The book of his experiences will be welcomed not only for its gallery of portraits, but also for the writer's many good stories about his sitters."—*The Sunday Times.*

Among the Hill Folk of Algeria.

By M. W. HILTON-SIMPSON, B.Sc., F.Z.S. With a Map and 40 Illustrations. 21/- net.

"The book is full of the most interesting details of the manners and customs and beliefs of a cheerful and kindly people. . . . In every way the book is a most welcome addition to the library of travel and ethnology."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Lords and Commoners.

By SIR HENRY LUCY. Illustrated 18/- net.

"With entertaining gossip and anecdote Sir Henry Lucy wanders from Parliamentary oratory to New the Journalism, and introduces statesmen, artists, literary men, social celebrities, and a host of other interesting people whom he has known."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Woman and Marriage.

A Handbook. By MARGARET STEPHENS. With a Preface by Dr. Mary Scharlieb. Cloth, 6/-. Post free 6/6.

"An outspoken book which should be carefully read by those for whom it was written. . . . We recommend this book to all who want a full account, in simple words, of the physical facts of married life."—*The Spectator.*

Rudolf Eucken: His Life, Work, and Travels.

By HIMSELF. Cloth, 10/6 net.

This is one of the most fascinating and important autobiographies of recent years.

FICTION.

Lovers and Friends.

By E. F. BENSON. 7/6 net.

The Blue Hat.

By MARGARET WESTRUP. 7/6 net.

The Top Landing.

By PERCY J. BREBNER. 7/6 net.

The Ashes of Achievement.

By FRANK A. RUSSELL. 7/6 net.

Alaska Man's Luck.

By HJALMAR RUTZEBECK. 7/6 net.

T. FISHER UNWIN, LTD., 1 Adelphi Terrace, LONDON, W.C. 2.

of sweet water for those who thirst. Of these efforts at reclamation Mr. Grein has been long one of the chief engineers; his propaganda has been so genial and un-highbrow that he has accomplished more than many a more detached and austere reformer. These weekly causeries, for example, reprinted from the *Illustrated London News*, have tended to keep alive a true sense of the theatre whilst chatting pleasantly and discursively about current doings of the stage between March, 1920, and March, 1921; for, whilst giving welcome recognition to all that is clever or artistic in play and player, there is always the wide sense of possibilities, the broad grasp of the significant persons and things theatrical at home and on the Continent, a genial remembrance and a patient hope to give point and power to his extremely readable pages.

FICTION.

THE TREMBLING OF A LEAF. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. Heinemann. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS volume of South Sea Island tales has a flavour presenting the brilliant playwright in a new light. By far the most tense and poised is "Rain," which deals with a missionary. Here we have a study in passion reaching to a fine climax, quite macabre in its swiftness. But all the stories are arresting. The atmosphere of the place is well sustained. Human nature interests the author, and this volume is a curious medley of types of traders cast against the climate and civilisation of the Pacific Islands, in the eternal struggle with woman.

MR. WADDINGTON OF WYCK. By MAY SINCLAIR. Cassell. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

IN this subtle delineation of character May Sinclair emerges as a humorist and with marked success. Mr. Waddington is a product of the war, self-sufficient, pompously important, resplendent in his own inanity, and this is the story of him; how he starts a "League of Liberty" and what his son thinks about it; how he falls in love with an impecunious widow and what she does to him; how, finally, the secretary, whom he had engaged to write his book, throws him down, and what his wife has to say about it all. It is a very pretty little medley of sense and sensibility not unlike Jane Austen in texture, well-poised, fragrant, a little sub-acid. One laughs. Mr. Waddington of Wyck is really a comic person, and many people will chuckle to see this roystering fellow tripping over his own feet, himself always misunderstanding but always understood, just the kind of fellow that sports his self-complacent selfishness in every country district and will continue to air his bumptious aridness until the Coalition, which is his justification, vanishes into post-war sanity and dignity. Anyhow, here is one of his tribe, on the spit.

THE YOUNG ENCHANTED. By HUGH WALPOLE. Macmillan. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE Young Enchanted are Hugh and Millie Trenchard, who were born in a novel, and figure here in a romance, with some allusions to the home of the Green Mirror from which they have definitely escaped. Each of these young people becomes a secretary, the boy

to a baronet, one of the new poor, and the girl to a newly rich woman, thus getting diversity of interest. Each has a love affair with curious and satisfying ending, and to each arrives adventure with life to carry the story along satisfactorily, even in the strangest and most unusual situations upon which Hugh stumbles; and the enchantment of youth is carefully and gaily preserved. The little excursions into literary coteries have just a tinge of allusive bitterness to those who recognise the prototypes, but these are only by the way, and romance and enchantment are the prevailing notes. Just at the end Mr. Walpole brings in a new and tragic character which is not so living and convincing as the rest of his people; there seems to be a slight note of fatigue in the admirable stream of invention, so well sustained up to this point. This is a pity, for *The Young Enchanted* is a very delightful story, fresh and ingenious. The household of Victoria Platt,—whose father made a corner in rum and left her unexpectedly wealthy in middle age—is a credible fantasia in affectionate vulgarity, and the Duncombes are done with reticent completeness of tradition and authority. As for Mrs. Jenssen and her daughter Christine, in the rose-shaded ambiguity of Soho, they touch a note of tragedy which is cleverly kept within the borders of fairyland where Hugh plays clumsy but lovable harlequin. A book of distinctive quality.

THE BEAUTIFUL YEARS. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. Collins. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THERE is a certain rare type of writer to whom Nature is a synthesis, in which the order of primates takes its premier place without prejudice or undue predilection. To most, perhaps, landscape, weather, and wild life are either background or subject, and in the latter alternative we get anthropomorphic idealism pleasing to human conceit, just as in the former we get intelligent allusiveness which flatters our vanity as overlords. Mr. Williamson largely succeeds in seeing the scheme as a whole. Richard Jefferies is, no doubt, his model in many ways, and there is in his poetic humanity a tinge of Hardy's magic, but he is no mere imitator of the great but soundly individual, with a sweet savour of his own. His two boys, Willie Maddison and Jack Temperley, are delightfully real and fresh, and Willie's self-contained and sternly loving father is suggested with great power. The idyll of the little serving maid, "Dolly," and the atavistic "Jim" is a delicate and charming bit of work; indeed, all the characterisation of kind schoolmaster, bully, keeper, dainty little girl, and old motherly servant is distinguished by real observation and true humour. Mr. Williamson's countryside lives and breathes, under sun and stars, a world full of poignant joy and cruel sorrow, but sweet and wholesome. *The Beautiful Years* is a welcome transcript of rural scenes and emotions.

VERA. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden.* Macmillan. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE clever writer who prefers to write under the patronage of her former self has given us a gallery of life-like portraits and not a few regrettable men, but she has never produced a character so com-

pletely detestable as the wonderful Everard Wemyss of *Vera*. The story of the entrapment of the tender and charming Lucy by this arch-egoist is extremely credibly managed, and, the initial difficulty overcome, the path of the strong and efficient will, which brushes aside all obstacles, is easy. Vera, one feels, is far too dead and done with to give her name to the story. She is indeed only an ironically suggestive adjunct—a poor wraith powerless against the triple brass of Wemyss—and so the brute is left in triumphant self-satisfaction. Like life perhaps! But even Lucy won't stand it long, so the creator of Wemyss might have delighted her readers with a real climax by being for once a little cheap and letting Wemyss involuntarily repeat Vera's leap, or at least suffer hurt. But is it not an artistic triumph to get a hardened reviewer into this state of mind? Yes, a remarkably clever book.

A Singular People. By Sydney A. Moseley. Stanley Paul and Co. 8*s*. 6*d*. net.

A Russian noble marries a rabbi's daughter; they become fugitives and refugees in the East End of London, where both die in poverty, leaving a little boy, Abraham Wardowloizki, who is the hero of the story. Adopted by a struggling Jewish family, Avrom Ward, as he becomes, lives amongst recent immigrants and English-born aliens, and emerges as a person of considerable importance, friend of the Prime Minister, and attractive to aristocratic English dames, eventually accepting a Zionistic Commissionership to Palestine. His social progress is only lightly sketched, but his friendships in the Whitechapel ghetto, with all the attendant types and dialects, are done with complete comprehension, and are undoubtedly picturesque and convincing. There is a great deal of rather obvious common sense about this young Jew, and his theories upon life, love, and education, given at considerable length, do not impress the reader as the product of an outstanding mentality, nor is he particularly lovable or interesting as a personality. This, however, does not greatly matter, as his story is merely the thread upon which some excellent character sketches are strung, little vignettes of East-end Jewish types which are fresh, lively, and extremely well done. A singular people indeed!

Poor White. By Sherwood Anderson. Jonathan Cape. 8*s*. 6*d*. net.

The American magazine habit has made us acquainted with the "poor white" type of the Virginian hills and the Missouri littoral; the result of in-breeding, isolation and shiftless poverty, long, lean and languid, with lurid flashes of revolt and cruelty. Mr. Anderson has segregated a specimen and made a sort of man of him in the humming activities of a mushroom city, awakening to the power of machinery and the possibilities of exploitation. The writer-up of this queer story compares Mr. Anderson with Arnold Bennett, but he has not the beginnings of the artistry which gave us the *Five Towns* for our own. Still, in his own discursive and curious manner, Mr. Anderson "puts the stuff across" and gives us a fresh

type in a fresh manner, in itself an achievement, whilst through all the haphazard of the telling the struggle between humanity and the machine does poignantly get itself expressed.

THE CONFESSIONS OF URSULA TRENT. By W. L. GEORGE. Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d. net.

IT may be that Mr. George has a moral purpose in this story by demonstrating the dullness of a fast life—anyway, Ursula Trent, the prodigal daughter of Ciber Court, having left her ancestral home upon a point of mere boredom, meets with a series of temptations of a cheap and garish kind to which she easily succumbs; mixes with a lot of extremely doubtful people upon the giddy brink of the gay life; goes through two or three love affairs of the *cabinet particulier* and Bohemian flat kind; and eventually marries a broad-minded architect quite satisfactorily. The ultra-pious Moll Flanders and the romantic Pretty Lady both give us the artistic satisfaction of emotional reality, but Mr. George's lady of uneasy virtue merely recounts a series of rather squalid promiscuities without touching a single human depth of passion or emotion.

On the other hand, there is a great deal of extremely clever description, a bright actuality, which will interest students of life at second-hand who want to know the secrets of manicure parlours and doubtful restaurants, and who are temperamentally interested in painted ladies and their little ways. Telling the story through Ursula Trent's lips is a handicap to creative omniscience—a feat upon which the author may pride himself, for the personality is well individualised; the difficulty is that it is not a sympathetic or attractive personality when all is said.

POETRY.

THE TRAVELLER'S TALE. By CLIFFORD BAX. Basil Blackwall, Oxford. 5s. net.

SEVEN incidents—*avatars*—reincarnations done in blank verse, with seven lyrical intercalations dedicated to the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Sun, the whole dedicated to a Buddhistic gentleman as the "sincere exposition of another man's outlook," seems rather a stiff proposition for a modern poet to tackle, and one begins with a feeling of setting forth, but quickly finds that there is no pedantry of metaphysic, but some jolly good and lively incident, and that, whatever the purpose, the journey with Mr. Bax is made as interesting as *The Wandering Jew* plus a chapter of that great, dim future which both Wells and Shaw have variously presaged for our learning. Incidentally, there is a complete and unashamed act of love, very finely and delicately done, without a touch to offend. The Sun myth, magic, nascent and ecclesiastical Christianity, the coming of doubt (Darwin and railways), and the aforesaid glimpse of the goal, each in turn excellently done, with many fine and sonorous lines, whilst the "midpieces" are solidly good. Not, perhaps, the divine afflatus, but excellent philosophic versecraft with touches of the real thing.

JERICHO STREET. By WALLACE B. NICHOLS. Grant Richards. 5s. net.

THE poem from which this pleasant volume of selected poems takes its name is an admirable set of vignettes from the lives of the inhabitants of a single street. These little pictures are poignantly drawn, glimpsing the unguessed comedies and tragedies of our common life, rounded by a simple introductory verse and a tailpiece. The simple form of linked lines is excellently suited to the subject, and the whole picture is given with comprehension and sympathy which is convincing. Of the other poems, "The Tower of Unrest" is the most ambitious in style and subject, very noble in conception, and amazing in its facile word-painting—a remarkable bit of work. For the rest, Mr. Nichols seems a bit too much addicted to a poet's vocabulary in his lesser songs, which, charming as they undoubtedly are, give sometimes the sense of being too much jewelled for ease; but "Jericho Street" and "The Tower of Unrest" are both fine things.

POLITICAL.

MEXICO ON THE VERGE. By DR. E. J. DILLON. Hutchinson. 21s. net.

MEXICO is a dark country to most men, but this volume lights up that rich yet unhappy land, and, when read through, one feels pretty well informed as to America's Ireland. For that is the position, only with a great difference—oil, which is the key to the Mexican trouble. America's policy is to starve Mexico into submission, and so perhaps the richest place in the New World has repudiated debts, cannot raise taxes, and sinks into chaos. America refuses credit. Dr. Dillon is clearly a partisan and betrays bias; nor does he explain how and why Mexico has failed to keep abreast of Western movements, just like Catholic Ireland, Poland, Portugal, where the squalid social conditions of the people are analogous. That side of the question is omitted: it is a vital omission. None the less, Dr. Dillon's portrait of General Obregon is instructive; indeed the book is essential to any right understanding of Mexico doomed to play a big part in world affairs now that oil is the world's bone of contention. It is the exact counterpart of Kruger and the gold mines: that is why it hardly becomes us to throw stones at America. The entire problem centres round the needs of a modern civilisation confronted with the sloth, backwardness, and inefficiency of a lower civilisation possessed of prodigious natural wealth which it cannot exploit. America certainly will be judged by the manner in which she solves this question, but it is hardly for us, who have waged countless wars solving similar problems by force, to jeer.

DIPLOMACY REVEALED. By E. D. MOREL. National Labour Press. 5s.

THESE documents of Belgian statesmen, written before the war, are certainly worth close study, for what they show is that Belgium was not the real cause of our entry into war; that Belgian diplomatists had in fact recognised that war was "inevitable" as the result of secret diplomacy and plainly spoke of the danger of

Britain's association with Franco-Russian anti-German policy. Indeed this book proves how inevitably war came, unknown to the public, to Parliament, or even the Cabinet, once more emphasising the curiously weak and secretive parts played by Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey. More and more clearly, we can see now that the storm broke (1) because the Kaiser never thought we would fight on the Continent; (2) because we thought the French were far stronger militarily than they were; (3) because France could not continue her three years' military service without financial disaster; (4) because Russia was on the verge of revolution; (5) because Russia was militarily ready, ditto France; (6) because the Germans thought at the worst that Britain would fight on the "limited liability" scale on land and that the risk could be taken; (7) because Servia was assured of Russia's support; (8) because Poincaré and Isvolsky were actively seeking conclusions on the ground of the secret military and naval agreements made between Britain and Russia and France.

The war was the logical result of the grouping of the Powers, primed against Germany. Three times war almost happened over Morocco. It nearly took place over Austria's coup in Herzegovina. It became a certainty with the rise of M. Poincaré to the Presidency, when France reverted to the three years' military service. Had our statesmen boldly published the Treaties with France and Russia war might have been averted. It was the uncertainty of our attitude that led the Germans to risk war, for we were pledged to fight whether Belgium was invaded or not. The truth on our side is that we expected Germany to be quickly beaten. We did not contemplate a war to the end, still less a war of years, and we had no idea of the efficiency of the small German navy. The Kaiser counted too much on personal Royal influence; we counted far too much on France; France counted far too much on Russia; the Germans discounted Russia, and Austria let them down. Each Power in the rival group thought wrong, and so from 1900 onward, really from the date of Germany's rejection of British friendship, Britain and Germany, through the Entente, drifted into war, and probably only public international discussion and a fearless, frank policy on our part could have prevented it. The question for every man to-day is, Are we to return to secret diplomacy? Are we to allow the fate of millions to lie at the whim of ambitious politicians? If so, then again there will be war. Nor must we forget that the Peace of Versailles is built on the secret treaties of the Allies, who divided Europe into spoils. Uphold that Treaty, and a second European war is as inevitable as the first; yet that is the condition and prospect of Europe to-day, as the net result of Armageddon.

SOCIAL.

SEX AND COMMON SENSE. By MAUD ROYDEN. Hurst and Blackett. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS exposition of sex relationship entirely justifies its title for common sense, and all women about to marry or about to get out

of wedlock cannot do better than read it. Here we have the broad sane view of the modern woman. It is on these lines that women will really emancipate themselves, (1) by understanding, (2) by fulfilment. Unlike the political women who shun sex, who funk divorce reform, who affect the pose that women have no specific attitude, Maud Royden goes to the roots of the whole problem, which, of course, is sex, and what she demands is a new woman's morality in place of the ecclesiastical code which planned the subjection of women by depriving her of all right over her own body, all sex freedom, all sex individualism. The writer does not exaggerate. She does not seek to misrepresent women; she exposes the immorality of the old morality, she seeks to free women by freeing their souls. This aspect is the one women should fasten on to, and it is because the political women shirk the responsibility that they are to-day merely mergers in the general chaos instead of leaders and reformers.

TRAVEL.

West Africa the Elusive. By Alan Lethbridge. John Bale, Sons, and Danielsson. 18s. net.

Mr. Lethbridge's investigation of West Africa for the *Daily Telegraph* has resulted in a valuable and interesting book of travel. It is no mere globe-trotter's survey of this little-known part of the Dark Continent, but is none the less picturesque and amusing to the armchair traveller. Actual conditions and commercial possibilities, the climatic, racial and political factors are all carefully considered, and in his nine months' tour the special commissioner of a great newspaper managed to see much, and to collect an immense amount of data, which will be highly serviceable to the British trader. The book is picturesquely written, carefully indexed, and has a useful map of the vast terrain.

Only Typewritten Manuscripts will be considered, and although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

ATTRACTIVE CRÊPE DE CHINE JUMPER

This attractive jumper is cut on becoming lines, and made by our own workers from rich quality Crêpe de Chine, and is specially suitable for afternoon wear.

ATTRACTIVE JUMPER (as sketch) in heavy quality Crêpe de Chine, prettily trimmed with silk crochet, round neck and three-quarter sleeves finished to match. In ivory, black, champagne, grey, navy, rust, sand and purple.

Special Price,

39/6

Sent on approval.

Wide Ribbed Woollen Hose (as sketch), reliable quality, soft and durable in wear. In black.

PRICE
5/11 per pair.
In Tan,
6/6 per pair.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

WRIGHTS COAL TAR SOAP

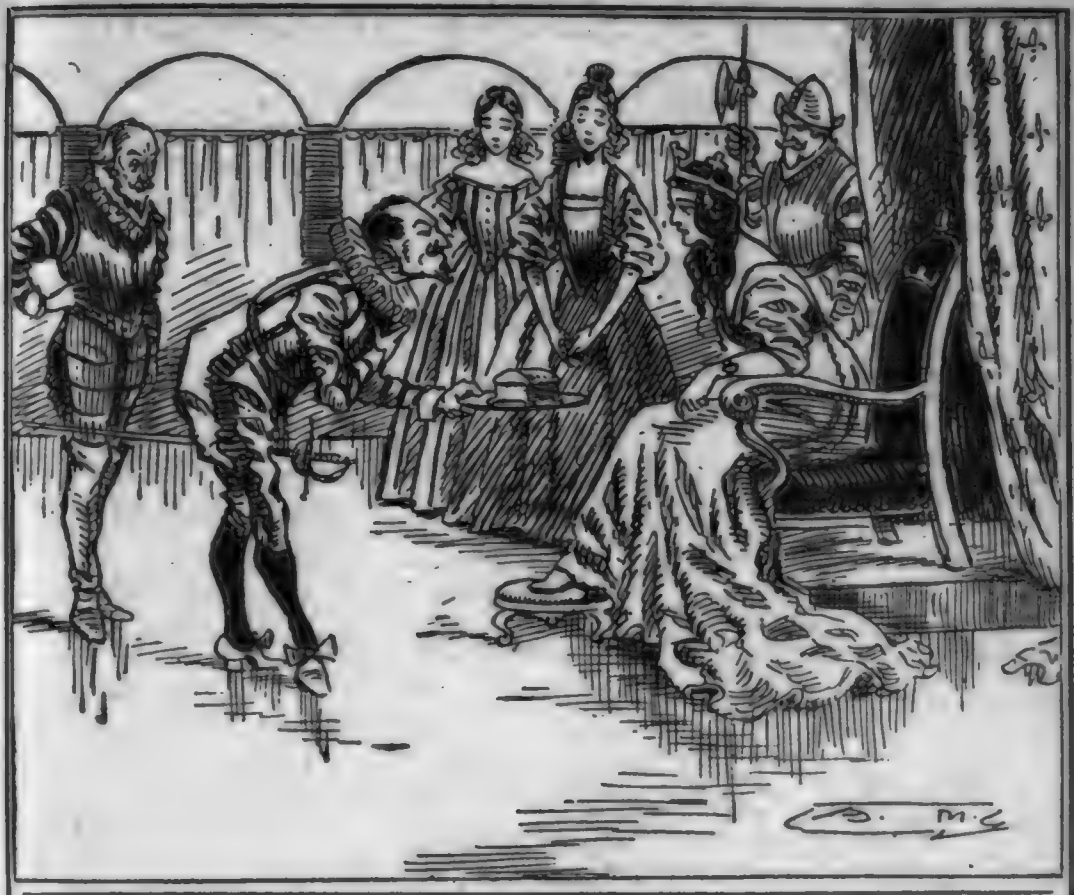
Safeguards the Skin against Winds and Rain

The Ideal Nursery Soap

Protects from Infection

Price 7d per tablet

Box of 3 tablets 1/9



THE STORY OF TOBACCO.—*No. 6—JEAN NICOT.*

AFTER Fernandes, Jean Nicot, French Ambassador to Portugal, brought seeds of the Tobacco Plant to Queen Catherine de Medici. A further attempt at cultivation was made, evidently with some degree of success. Nicot achieved great fame and his name is immortalised in the word "Nicotine." But the early pioneers knew nothing of the luxury enjoyed by the smoker of to-day, when he lights his pipe charged with "Country Life" Tobacco. We should be all the more grateful to the men who made Player's famous brands possible.

PLAYER'S

"Country Life"

Tobacco and Cigarettes

TOBACCO
MILD AND MEDIUM
— STRENGTHS —
1/- per oz.
4/- per ¼-lb. Tin

JOHN PLAYER & SONS,
Nottingham.

CIGARETTES
PINK PACKET
10 for 6d.
BLUE PACKET
10 for 5½d.

 Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

CONTENTS OF THE ONE-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-SEVENTH NUMBER

		PAGE
1. ADRIAN BURY	Ode to the Dying World	449
2. STEPHEN SOUTHWOLD	The Quest for God	453
3. Sir BAMPFYLDE FULLER	Liberty	455
4. MARY WEBB	The Name-Tree	464
5. EDMOND X. KAPP	The Astronomer	470
6. HERBERT E. PALMER	Shakespeare Need Not Apply	473
7. H. F. AMBROSE	An Estimate of Civilisation	481

THEATRE-CRAFT

8. HORACE SHIPP	The Contemporary Theatre	485
9. HALCOTT GLOVER	On Historical Plays	488

[*Contents continued on page* vi.

Out of the cold into a—

Mustard Bath

A bath to which is added a couple of table-spoonfuls or so of COLMAN'S MUSTARD, or the contents of a carton of specially prepared BATH MUSTARD.

Read . . .

THE INNER LIFE OF PAUPER ASYLUMS

By Dr. MONTAGU LOMAX

in the November Number of

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

2s. net.

If you are unable to obtain a copy from your Newsagent, send direct to THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 18, Bedford Square, London.

KNOW YE: Whosoever smoketh this fine OLD mixture shall be RICH in Love & laughter; for verily did it not INSPIRE Sir James Barrie to write that immortal masterpiece "MY LADY NICOTINE"

2/5 2oz. 4/10 4oz.

Made by CARRERAS LTD. Established 1788

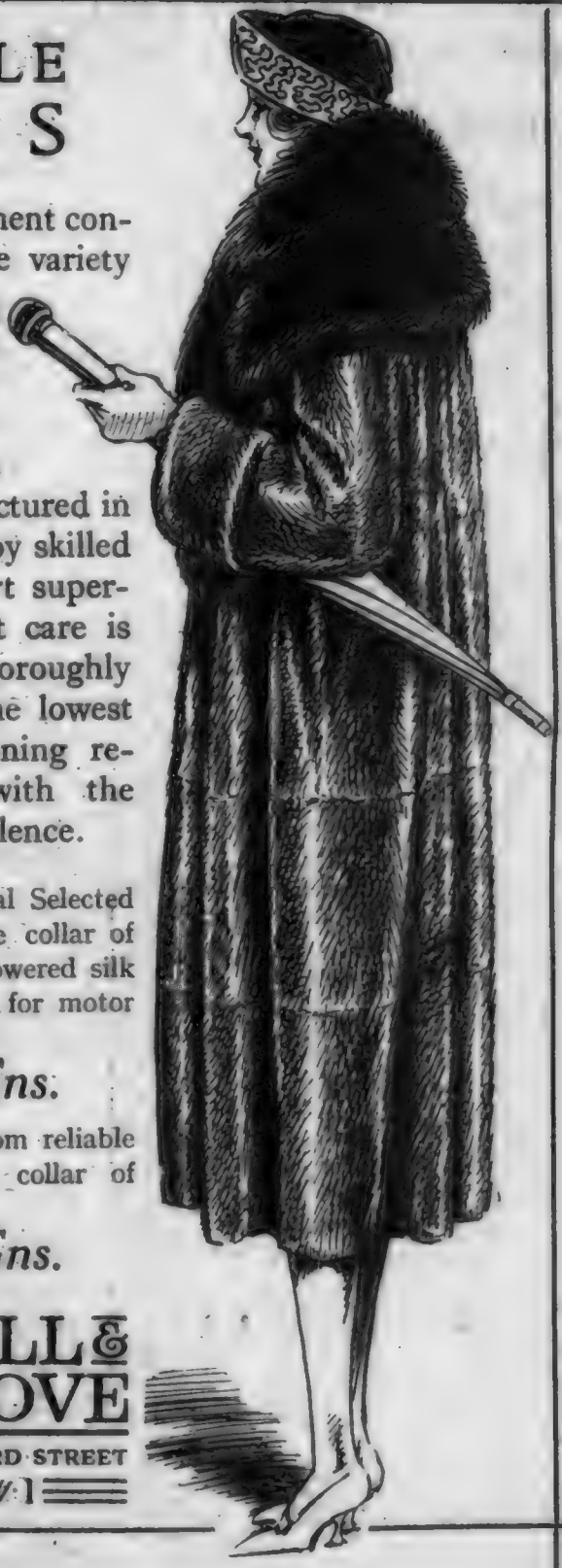
The Third Earl of Craven was the originator of the FAMOUS CRAVEN MIXTURE

Craven MIXTURE

Buy him a Tin for Xmas

RELIABLE FURS

OUR Fur Department contains an infinite variety of Coats, Capes and Fur Sets copied and adapted from exclusive Paris Models. Practically the whole of these garments are manufactured in our own workrooms by skilled Furriers under expert supervision. The greatest care is taken to provide a thoroughly reliable garment at the lowest possible price, combining refinement of taste with the highest grade of excellence.



Model Fur Coat in Natural Selected Musquash with handsome collar of Natural Skunk lined flowered silk to tone. Recommended for motor and hard wear.

PRICE 49 Gns.

A similar Coat worked from reliable well-matched skins with collar of same Fur.

PRICE 29 Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1

CONTENTS (continued)

		PAGE
THEATRE-CRAFT (continued)		
10. HERMON OULD	Wagner and Earth-bound Producers	491
11. CLIFFORD BAX	Chamber-Drama	495
12.	London and Munich Designs for "Heart-break House"	
13. LAURENCE NORTH	A Barmecide Feast	503
14. ALAN SULLIVAN	What We Want America to Know	508
15. S. O.	Wat Tyler and the Phœnix	514
16. AUSTIN HARRISON	Ireland and the League of Nations	518
17. AUSTIN HARRISON	The Reparations Nonsense	527
18. R. W. S. MENDL	Music and Morality	534
	Books	537

By DR. MARIE STOPES.

The books which for three years have been making public opinion on Sex Love and Birth Control.

MARRIED LOVE

The guide to the profundities of Sex Love. 6s. net.

WISE PARENTHOOD

The Treatise on Birth Control.

3s. 6d. net.

(Postage extra.)

Send for a Descriptive Circular.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,
24, Bedford St., London, W.C.2.

BERMALINE

Best brown bread, of Scottish origin.

The very finest Scottish-grown barley, supplements the wheat in Bermaline. It makes all the difference to the nourishing properties of Bermaline. Boys and girls are very fond of this brown bread of Scottish origin. It makes them strong. It helps them to emulate the busy bee at work; and gives them, when festivities prevail, the joyous spirit of the butterfly.

Write to Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow, for free Sample Loaf, and name of nearest Bermaline Baker.

THREE NUNS TOBACCO

The "earliest pipe of half-awakened birds" is not more blissful to the lover of good tobacco than the first after-breakfast pipe filled with fragrant Three Nuns. One deep, satisfying whiff — and all's right with the world.

A long smoke, a cool smoke, a well-flavoured smoke — the smoke of a man whose pipe is his friend — that's the Three Nuns smoke.

KING'S HEAD

if you prefer a fuller blend

Both are sold everywhere in the following packings only

Packets - - 1-oz. 1/2—2-oz. 2/4
Tins - - 2-oz. 2/5—4-oz. 4/8

"Three Nuns" Cigarettes

In	10's	20's	50's	100's
Medium	6d	1/-	2/5	4/8
Hand-made	8d	1/4	3/4	6/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited, 36 St. Andrew Square, Glasgow (704)

The Famous Imperial No. 2

—a most delightful Cigar

Little wonder that this Imperial No. 2 hassorapidly jumped into favour with discriminating smokers

Beautifully made from the very choicest tobacco leaf, it possesses the delicate aroma and distinctive flavour which are only met with in cigars of the very highest class.

It is a typical example of Criterion quality.

Ask your tobacconist for a sample of five Criterion cigars to-day and make its acquaintance.

CRITERION

IN CEDAR WOOD CABINET BOXES of 25 50 and 100.

Of all High-Class Tobacconists and Stores.

SAMPLES OF

5 for 3/-

C.24

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND St LONDON W
By Appointment to H.M. The King of Spain.

THE THREE ESSENTIALS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE three essentials to life are food, warmth, and shelter. The arts, being culture's trimmings, are, for the moment, out of fashion.

There is a widespread and justifiable outcry against the inflated prices of food, and stomach, the weak enemy of mankind, which is always first to surrender, has been exploited by the merry money-makers to the limit of financial capacity.

The essential of shelter has been exploited by doubled rents and quadrupled taxes. And the remaining essential, warmth, represented by coal, gas, oil, and electricity, has risen to whatever price the autocrats elect to charge.

In the category of warmth, in these climes clothes must also be included, not only for man's necessity, but for woman's modesty.

So far as the purveyors of essentials are concerned, Pope and Bradley is the one firm which has steadily fought inflation and extortion, and, throughout an era of rapacity and inefficiency, has regarded quality as a cardinal virtue.

Possessing a connection greater than that of any other of the exclusive West-End tailors, it has persistently kept its charges moderate, in order to gain the goodwill of its customers during the critical times.

The minimum prices charged by the firm of ten guineas for a lounge suit and eight guineas for an overcoat barely cover the cost of material and workmanship alone, and, despite a wonderful turnover, yield an insignificant profit to Pope and Bradley and but little joy to the Inland Revenue Commissioners.

It is utterly impossible to produce the finest quality clothes under the prices quoted here. If they are offered at a lower price, it merely means that the bait of cheapness in material and workmanship is held out as a lure to false economy. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d. Overcoats from £8 8s.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
& 10 ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

IMPRESSIONS
G. E. WHITEHOUSE,
DALLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS
DALLINGTON'S LONDON & ENVIRONS